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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 17, 1951

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Latest news of the Quads, pages 12, 13

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Her first day

A short story by Lyn Arnold

"'Bye!" Meriel said over her shoulder and joined the other girls.

ALISON sat up in bed, suddenly wide awake. "I cried!" she heard herself say.

The curtains blew in at the open window; sunlight latticed the carpet in window-pattern.

"Darling?" said Simon.

"My first day at school," Alison faltered, as if still held in terror from some bad dream. "My first day at school I cried."

And it all came rushing back—the bare schoolroom, the smell of chalk dust, crusted ink, and indiarubber. The kind, cheerful voice asking her, "Can you read, Alison?" Her own voice answering "Yes."

And the book put before her that said not Cat and Mat, as her book at home did, but strange and frightening words of four and five letters—Path and Step and House. And the sudden burst into ignominious tears, the sudden salt taste in her mouth.

Alison put a hat over her eyes. "I'm a fool!" she said, half-laughing.

"Schools are different these days," said Simon.

"Oh, I know. It's only——"

"And, anyway," Simon told her comfortingly, "Meriel won't cry."

"No, of course not," Alison answered. Adding: "Of if she does, we shall never know. For Meriel will never, never say."

Simon smiled. His long, thin, tranquil face, that showed, even to her, so little of his thoughts, was wrinkled in—what? Understanding without comprehension? Loving indulgence? Or amusement?

"Darling——" said Simon.

"I'm a fool! And I must get up!" Alison sighed.

Down in the cold kitchen, she put on a kettle, brought in the milk, flung open windows. And, while the kettle boiled, ran for a moment upstairs to Meriel's room.

She went in quietly.

The new clothes, ready marked with that stranger's name, "M. Baynes," were piled on Meriel's chair—green pleated tunic, blouse, and surmounting these a pudding-basin hat, banded and badged.

But in the small bed Meriel herself—one small, thin hand, spread and relaxed, palm upwards above her head; one tightly curled under her pointed chin; one blue-veined temple showing; and a sickle slice of defenceless, milky neck—Meriel lay for a little minute yet in sleep still a baby; in the sweet, soundless sleep of babyhood.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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Korean

By Alec Hudson

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNNE W. DAVIES

THE operations officer handed over the flimsy piece of paper. "This overlay shows that mine field in your area, Nagel," he told me. "Keep it with your Operations Orders and don't transfer any of the information to your charts. If the commies find out we know it's there, they might try to booby-trap us."

I had that peculiar feeling that I had been through all this before—too soon before. I had had what I then hoped was my last submarine war patrol in 1945, and here we were in 1950, starting out in Helleri on another. Only this time I was commanding officer.

"These mines, we think, are old Japanese war stock, Type 93 moored mines," the operations officer went on, "but don't count on it. Our observers saw them being laid, from a distance, and the position of the mine line on the chart is approximate only. The safe thing to do is to give that vicinity a wide berth."

"You can bet I will," I replied. "I have no ambition to get chummy with a mine field." But neither of us realised then how much circumstances sometimes alter cases.

After briefing, I went in to say good-bye to Captain Gifford, the squadron commander.

"No big convoys this time, Bill," Captain Gifford remarked. "No enemy aircraft carriers either. I hope you have a quiet patrol and no excitement."

I echoed those sentiments. Jack Gifford and I had seen plenty of excitement together when he was my skipper during the war, in Gourami. Maybe it's a sign of age or too much war, when a submarine skipper can shove off on his first patrol in a new and screwy war and wish only to keep his nose clean with a minimum of excitement.

Even without enemy activity, our area couldn't be described as boring. We were up off the west coast of Korea, in the Yellow Sea, about the latitude of Seoul. There wasn't more than a couple of hundred feet depth of water anywhere in the area, not deep enough for comfort in case a depth-charge attack did de-

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Patrol

With enemy activity and the hazards of mines in shallow water, Helleri's patrol could never be described as boring.

The tidal currents were almost unpredict- which complicated our navigation when we so much time submerged. We had all the d varieties of weather and a few that were t to the country.

"I wish everybody would get together and on place names," Slim Williams, the navi- complained. "It's tough enough navigating ace like this without having four different for each landmark."

Sailing Directions used Japanese names, Operations Orders, being more modern, Korean ones. Sometimes the charts fol- the dictates of the Board on Geographic but not always, and often an island or a would have one name on one chart an entirely different one on another. On a coast like Western Korea, the resulting con- wasn't funny.

We stayed submerged day and night. The area crawling with Chinese and Korean junks, may or may not have been innocent fishing Sometimes, when it seemed all clear at I would surface Helleri and run in along line to get a good radar fix and familiar- Slim Williams with the radar picture of the and shoals and islands that were scattered hardly all over the place.

was a lucky break for us that we did, be- when the time came, we weren't altogether iliar with the lay of the land off Higashi

When the B-29's bombed Kimpo Airfield, we lifeguard mission to perform. It was our rescue the crews of any planes that crashed Our reference position was twenty miles west of Manushii Light, far enough out so we be observed from coastal positions, and the retirement line of bombers complet- missions in the Seoul area.

We operated on the surface during the scheduled an attack and until after the planes had withdrawn. We acted as a visual guide for planes in trouble, and damaged planes that make it to the nearest landing field were to ditch as close as possible to our posi- When we were on the surface we had direct communication with the planes, and we always ready to make full speed to the of any plane crash.

"I bet those junks report every move we I told Slim Williams. But we couldn't our mission and stay submerged, and we operate on the surface and not be observed by junks in these waters. I guess the commies knew we were there, all right.

After the long hours we'd spent submerged, it was great to be on the surface even for a few hours. We watched the big bombers go over, flying at 20,000 feet, so tiny at that altitude that they looked like dragonflies hovering over the trees of a summer forest. They seemed to move so slowly, so majestically, so far above any danger that it was absurd for us down there on the surface of the sea to be concerned about them.

But I had made a memorable flight in a B-29 and I knew they were not so aloof and out of the world as they appeared to be. I wondered if Major Noble was up there looking down on Helleri, and if he ever made his dive in a submarine.

Back at Pearl there had been a system of cross-indoctrination training with the Air Force. I went out on a B-29 training misson with Major Noble, and he was scheduled afterwards to spend a couple of days operating with Helleri.

The major never made his dive with us, but I had enough B-29 training to last me a long time. We were at 20,000 feet when a scanning blister blew. The air whooshed out of that plane, so fast that for one brief instant I had the illusion that I was back submerged in Helleri with the snorkel valve stuck closed. I had that panicky feeling that something ought to be done, but I didn't know what to do. Then we were on oxygen, and someone helped me with my mask, and we were losing altitude and nobody but me seemed to be excited.

"Nothing to worry about. Nothing to worry about at all," Major Noble told me, "but I'm sure going to pin somebody's ears back in that maintenance crew."

Maybe I was the only one that was scared. "Each one to his taste," I told him, "and I'll take mine in a denser medium."

Helleri was ordered to Asiatic waters, and I didn't see Major Noble again. I hoped he had finished his submarine training in some other submarine without any experience such as I had had in his bomber.

One day a scheduled attack was delayed for some reason, and it was late in the afternoon before our B-29's were over the target. That didn't make us apprehensive, although it would give us only an hour or two of daylight for any rescue operations. We had seen so many bombing attacks without any call for our services that we were getting nonchalant about it. But this had to be the time we got the fatal call: "Five-zero-polliwog-zero-six-zero."

When we deciphered that, it meant there was a plane down fifty miles north-east of the reference point. I headed Helleri in that general direction and called for full speed on all four engines, while Slim Williams, in the conning tower, plotted out the crash position. I knew, before he came up on the bridge with the chart, what we were in for, but I had to know for sure.

"That plane is down well inshore of that mine field," Slim reported.

In our night radar surveys of the area, we had studied both the charts and the radar screen, and I had formed a tentative plan to handle such a situation, while praying fervently that we wouldn't have to put it into operation.

The mined area was stretched across East Channel from I To to An To, blocking both the East Channel and Flying Fish Channel. I guess the commies figured that we might undertake an amphibious operation in that vicinity, and they had picked the best spot for a few mines to block all deep-water approaches.

There was another way in, but the Sailing Directions didn't recommend it. We could run up north a bit and then come down between Hakuga Island and Senko Island. There was a nasty bunch of shoals and drying rocks scattered all around, and in one place the safe water was only a mile wide between rocks, like sharks' teeth, sticking up to rip our bottom out.

"I prefer the natural hazards of the mine field," I told Slim Williams when he worried about the difficulties of feeling our way through that narrow channel in the darkness.

We changed course to the northward. An F-51 from the bombers' fighter cover zoomed down out of the clouds at us. For an instant I couldn't be sure it wasn't an enemy plane, and I almost pulled the plug to dive Helleri.

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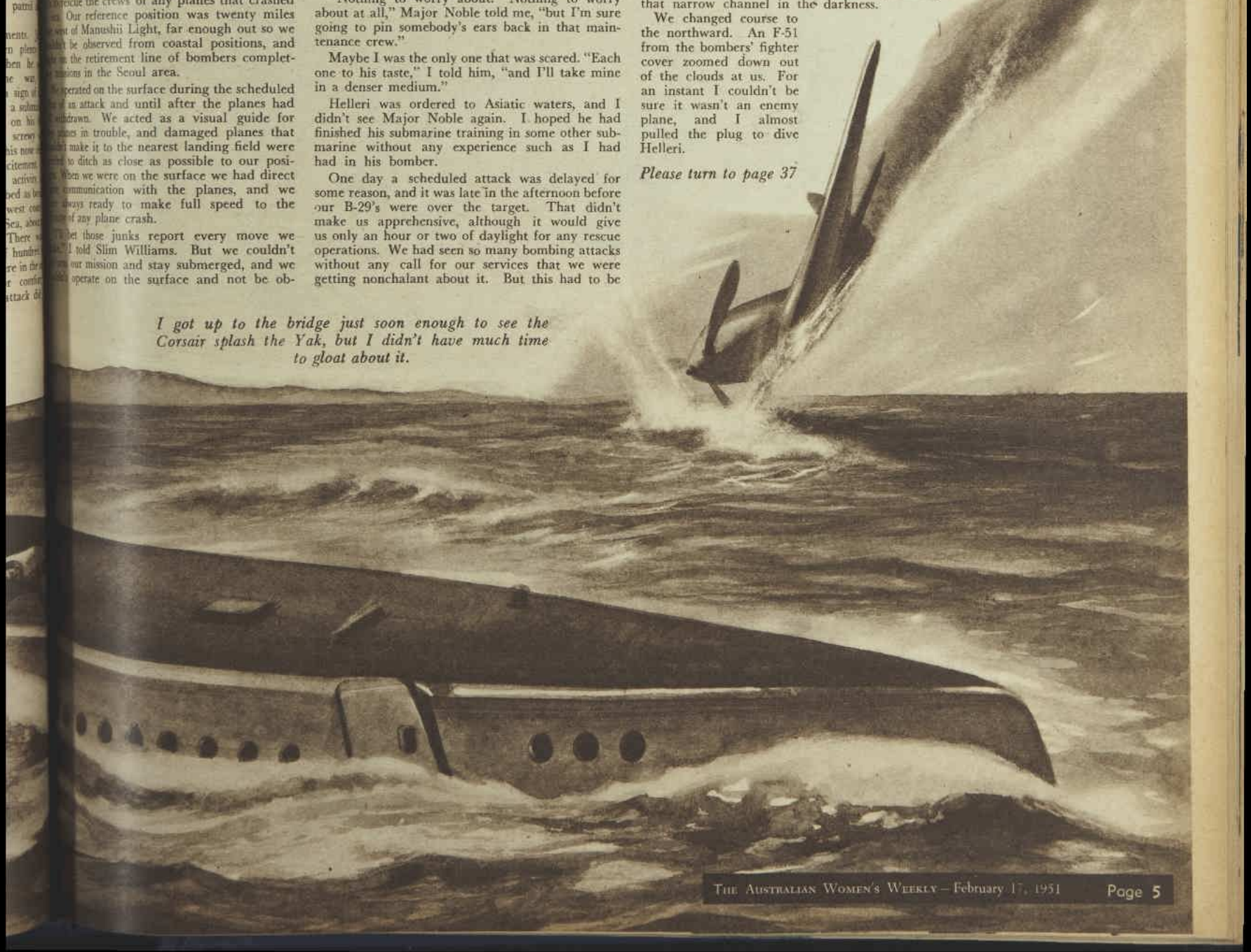

I got up to the bridge just soon enough to see the Corsair splash the Yak, but I didn't have much time to gloat about it.

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When women talk clothes . . .

they talk of the beauty of 'Celanese' Fabrics

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Cyanide for supper

FOURTH INSTALMENT OF A TEN-PART SERIAL BY MARGOT NEVILLE

IN the midst of elaborate preparations for the wedding of wealthy SUSAN WYNNE to WILLIAM JENNINGS, EDDIE HEATHERINGTON, theatrical stage manager, is found murdered in the flat of William's aunt, elderly, domineering MARGARETTA GAIFORD, with whom Susan is staying.

DETECTIVES GROGAN and MANNING are in charge of the case. Others involved include VERONICA RAWLINGS, Margaretta's niece, who is to be matron of honor at the wedding; Veronica's husband, CLIVE; her father, ANDREW PHIPPS; HUGO FREEMAN, fashionable art decorator; KLINGER, Margaretta's masseur; UNA, the maid.

It is established that Eddie met his death by drinking a glass of cyanide-poisoned milk that had actually been prepared for Margaretta. Inspector Grogan's attention also centres on a porcelain figurine of Margaretta's that he sees in Freeman's office, while he questions Susan closely about a visit that she paid to ROBERT ADAMS, tenant of the flat opposite Margaretta's.

Susan has been dismayed to find herself deeply attracted by Adams. She is also tantalised by a vague memory of seeing cyanide somewhere about the premises.

Now read on:—

THE morning after the murder, Susan woke at ten o'clock. She had slept deeply, though she hadn't expected to close her eyes when the last car had gone off in the early dawn.

She stirred, turned, and last night came flooding back with its unbelievable fact of Eddie Heatherington dead, an innocent scapegoat for Margaretta, whose bell even now was pinging out for Una to bring her grapefruit and china tea and thin bread and butter, so that she could keep on waging her long, triumphant war against ill health.

And now, Susan shuddered to think, against an added factor; a factor more likely to be fatal than heart disease; someone who willed her death and was prepared to bring it about, someone near to her who—

Her thought broke off, cut in two by another.

She sat up and pushed the silky hair back from her forehead. The sea-blue eyes stared ahead at a possibility too outrageous to be admitted; last night's memory—the tin of cyanide . . .

Or was she crazy? . . .

A week or so ago, soon after Clive and Veronica had come down from Brisbane, she, Susan, had strolled down to old Andy Phipps' little cottage after dinner, and the three of them had sat and talked in the rarely used drawing-room that smelt of dusty carpet and unswept chimney.

As usual, the talk had been of Clive's and Veronica's grievances, their money worries, making Susan feel guilty for her own wealth and security, the way Veronica had made her feel ever since they had been at school together.

At about half-past nine Clive had gone up to the shop to get cigarettes—old Andy was up with Margaretta fighting one of their card battles.

Sprawling on the early-Victorian walnut sofa Veronica said: "Make us a cup of tea, Susan. I feel like putting my head in the gas oven tonight. Life in this house is really too moth-eaten . . ."

As Susan had switched on the kitchen light, two grey cats had snaked out through a hole in the wire door, heightening the feeling of furtive life that haunted Phipps' cottage.

She had boiled the kettle, put cups on the tray, and looked for the tea. The canister was there, but it was empty and she had called up the hall: "There's no tea."

"Look in the cupboard. There'll be some on the shelf."

She had run her eyes over the scanty stores and called again: "I don't see any."

"Don't be so helpless, Susan! I know there's some. I brought some down from Brisbane. Dad'll have poked it away somewhere."

Pulling forward a chair, Susan had climbed up and looked on the top shelf. It was hard to think that anything in current use could be among the jumble of old ornaments and jars without lids and bottles of half-finished tonics. But she had hunted obediently, if without hope, pushing things aside and peering into this and that.

Then she had glimpsed something.

Right at the back there had been a small tin. Silly to look in there, because the dust lay thick on it, but she had lifted the lid and peeped in. Only a glance and a faint scent of something, meaning nothing at that moment, nor until last night when Una had been asked if she knew what cyanide looked like . . .

Susan flung back the sheet and jumped out of bed. She was either dreaming or crazy—it was probably only carbonate of soda or epsom salts or something — but she just had to go down to the cottage again and have another look in that tin.

She went into the bathroom and hastily had a shower, came back and dressed, brushed her hair, and slipped on a cotton frock, leant to the glass, and sketched her mouth with lipstick.

She moved quickly about the recently redecorated guest-room. Hugo Freeman must have known it was to be for Susan, so cleverly did its elegant pale loveliness match hers.

Standing by the table she drank a cup of coffee and swallowed a piece of toast from the tray that Una had brought in while she was in the bath.

To-day was Thursday, she reminded herself, less than a week from the day of her wedding. But it didn't seem possible that preparations for that could go forward unchanged by last night.

Meanwhile, to-day. What was going to happen in these hours ahead? What shocks? What conflicts? . . . William . . . Bob. Couldn't she even exchange a word with him about last night's happenings? No, not one word.

She put down her cup and stepped out on the balcony. On to it, at the far end, Margaretta's long window was open, too. Her voice came out, seemingly pitched up a tone or two this morning. She was on the telephone: ". . . positively exhausted, my dear. Now, listen, Georgie, I'm telling you! This fearful attempt on my life . . ."

Glad not to have to go in there and talk with her hostess just yet, Susan slipped back into her room, down the stairs, and out of the house into the glittering morning.

She hurried down the drive, turned to the right, and ran down the stone steps to the cottage.

On the trodden earth of the path from the gate to the side door her footsteps made no sound. The windows all looked eyeless and the cottage had its usual unlived-in appearance as she went up to it.

For a moment she stood on the verandah, peering through the wire door up the passage, giving anyone who had heard or seen her time to come out. But no one appeared and not a sound came to her.

She opened the door, lifting it carefuly on its fallen hinges, and stepped inside. Half a dozen times in the past few weeks she had walked in here, dropping the door noisily behind her and calling up the passage. This morning she felt as guilty as though she were coming to rob a bank.

She was almost tip-toeing to the kitchen when the hall door was jerked open and Clive came out. He was in pyjamas, hair standing on end, coughing over a cigarette, his face unshaven, and—Susan suddenly realised—black with anger.

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Hunting without hope among the jumble on the shelf, Susan glimpsed something right at the back.

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THE SALE

A short story by **Martin Field**

It was the first time David had ever tried to sell anything, and the last thing he wanted was family charity. He had to make it clear to everyone it was to be a business deal.

DAVID hesitated in front of the house. He shifted the black leather briefcase from his right hand to his left. The large house loomed above him in the twilight. There was a small light in the living-room; that meant they were in the kitchen, still sitting over coffee and cake.

He rang the doorbell, but the instant after he'd pressed the button he felt an urge to turn and go away, but he knew he couldn't, that it would be silly. Why, looking at it objectively, he was doing them a favor—

"Hello, Lucy," David said to his wife's young sister. He went inside and closed the door while Lucy walked on to the kitchen beyond to tell the others that he had come. While he took off his overcoat he heard his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lewis, say, "Davie, here?" As if she hadn't been expecting him.

His wife, Betty, a tall blonde girl, came into the living-room to greet him. "Hello, Dave," she said. They kissed quickly, warmly. He still had the briefcase in his hand.

"Is Dad here?" he asked, meaning his father-in-law.

"No, not yet, but you know Mum does all the deciding. About the house, anyway," Betty said.

"This is a straight business proposition. They understand that, don't they?" David asked, nervously.

"Of course they do. I wouldn't have it any other way." She tossed her head emphatically as she took the briefcase from him. "Come on. I'll get you your dinner first."

David nodded and followed her into the spacious kitchen with its long table. Mum, a small, quick-gestured woman, sat at the head of the table facing David as he came in. Her short fingers drummed restlessly on the table. Lucy, the sophisticated fifteen-year-old, sat at her left. Betty pointed to the empty chair at the other end of the table. He sat down.

"You look chilled to the bone, Davie," Mum said, her bright blue eyes darting at him from behind her glasses.

"Some hot food will take care of that," Betty said cheerily, preparing a plate for her husband at the stove.

"Betty takes good care of you," Mum said. If she was slyly hinting that he, in turn, didn't take good care of Betty, it was his own idea. Mum bent her head and her plump fingers nervously brushed some cake crumbs from her dress. "Lucy," she said, "get me a glass of water. I'm thirsty."

Lucy made a face indicating weariness. "Stay there, Lucy," Betty said promptly. "I'll get it." She filled two glasses of water at the sink and handed them to Mum and David.

"Thanks, Betty," Lucy said gratefully. "Mum never stops to consider that I'm sitting down."

"You're lazy, Lucy," Mum said. "Once a week Betty and Davie come for dinner and you don't help. It's lucky you have such a good-natured sister."

"Lucy helps you all the week long," Betty said. "I don't mind helping once a week."

Mum saw David's briefcase lying on the cupboard. "You have all the information there?" David nodded. "Well, after you eat, Lucy, don't you expect your friend Sophie?"

"She isn't coming till eight," Lucy said. "She's bringing over some records." She looked at David. "I want to see the demonstration. Betty told me about it. You take a penny and burn it—"

"It isn't much," David said.

Betty put a steaming plate of chicken, roast potatoes, and string beans before David. "It really impressed me," she said, grinning. "Wait till you see it, Mum."

David had an empty feeling in his stomach but it wasn't hunger. He picked up his fork and chewed and swallowed until the food was gone from his plate. He felt very warm. Betty gave him coffee and cake.

"I think I'll have another cup of coffee," Mum said. When the coffee was in front of her she reached into the capacious black patent-leather handbag that she always carried around the house over her arm and brought out a small bottle of saccharine tablets. She dropped some of the tablets into her coffee and stirred it. "The doctor said I got too much sugar," she said.

"No wonder," Lucy said. "You're always sneaking pieces of cake and candy and then you expect sympathy from us."

Mum set her cup down in its saucer with a bang. "What a child!" she said. "I never criticised my mother that way."

Lucy pouted in exasperation.

Quickly Betty put the briefcase on the table beside David. "This is going to be very interesting," she promised. The tension between Lucy and Mum eased; Lucy sat back in her chair while Mum leaned towards David.

"We're ready whenever you are, Davie," Mum said.

David took one more sip of coffee, then put aside the dishes in front of him. He opened the briefcase and spread out on the table before him two wads of insulating wool, a hand-size blowtorch, and a copper penny. Lucy gave her mother the chair near David.

"I'll need a glass of water, dear," David said to Betty.

When she brought it to him, he looked up at her gratefully. She smiled back at him, and he decided he should look at her

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Betty stood apart, not wanting to influence her mother in any way, while David explained the contract.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD GREEN

oftener. To-night she seemed specially dainty and beautiful with a flower in her hair.

Mr. Warner, the sales manager, had seen the Lewis house from the outside and had estimated roughly that it would bring Dave a fifty-dollar commission. Fifty dollars would keep Betty and him going for a couple of weeks and then maybe he'd get the proof-reading job he wanted.

With an inward grimace of shame he remembered the much-mended slip Betty had on under her dress. That was the first thing he'd make her buy with the commission money. When Betty had worked as a secretary before she was married, the girls always talked about how smartly she dressed. And now, married to him, she couldn't afford a decent slip. That fifty dollars would be a life-saver.

"Well, Davie?" Mum said.

He jerked his head up and looked around. They were waiting for him to start. "Oh yes," he said. He launched his sales talk. "A good insulation job will cut your fuel bill almost in half. Not only does insulation keep the house warm in winter, but twenty per cent. cooler in the summertime. Let me tell you that the kind of insulation I represent does cost a little more. And here's why."

David placed a piece of ordinary insulation wool in the glass of water. As the wool began to absorb the water it sank slowly.

"That's the less expensive kind of wool. You'll notice it took in water and sank in the glass. That means it's not waterproof. Now watch this."

He put a wad of his company's wool in the glass of water. It didn't sink. "The kind of insulation you can get through my company is waterproof. You can see the advantage of that, can't you?"

"Go on, go on," urged Mum. She smiled up at Betty, who was pridefully watching her husband's demonstration.

David said nothing. This was the first time he'd ever tried to sell anything. He'd been out all day, his first day, with the sales manager, going from house to house and demonstrating the insulation. He'd been surprised at people's politeness and patience, but still he hadn't made a sale. And even though the house his in-laws had bought could use insulation, he didn't feel comfortable showing the stuff to them. But as Betty had said, someone might sell them insulation, so David might as well.

David began to unscrew the top of the tiny blowtorch. Mum shrank back in her chair.

"Be careful, Davie, that's a new table," she cautioned.

"Don't worry," he said. He placed the penny on top of a wad of the special wool.

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"When summer skies are blue . . ."

You'll want to be the loveliest thing under the sun. Miss Arden shows you how, with Sunpruf Cream, you can tan to a golden brown with never a hint of redness. Non-greasy, it is a coolly lovely powder base. For glamour, powder to match your sun tinted skin, with the gayest of lipsticks in a harmonising summer shade.

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BLUE GRASS DUSTING POWDER . . . SLEEK—a fragrant cream depilatory . . . BLUE GRASS CREAM DEODORANT.

Elizabeth Arden

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Her First Day

Continued from page 3

AWAKE, and Meriel was a little girl. No need to wake her, Alison thought, just yet.

She saw herself and Meriel last week, both best behaved, in the headmistress' room.

Meriel sat straight and still on her hard chair, her white-socked legs dangling, her eyes intent, while the two grown-ups said what must be said. And only when they were silent did Meriel speak.

"Where do I learn?" she asked. "Where do I come—which door?" And "Please, where do I put my hat and coat?"

Above her head, the two women exchanged swiftly hidden smiles—the mother half-sad, half-proud; the teacher half-reassuring, half-amused.

"Come, and I'll show you both over the school."

How silent and still it was in holiday time!

"Here," smiled the teacher, "is your classroom, dear. You come in by this door. And here's your peg . . ."

But if the small child, solemnly storing away this information in her mind, was pleased, excited, reluctant, or afraid, neither her teacher nor her mother knew.

Now in her sleep, Meriel turned and stirred.

"Time to get up, darling!" Alison said; and turned away quickly, quickly ran downstairs, made tea, and took it back to her own room.

"Maybe," she said to Simon, wrinkling her brow, "maybe it would be easier now if we had let her go to nursery school. Because that isn't proper school—only play. And yet—"

She'd been so proud of the small Meriel, self-complete and self-content: first with the wooden spoon with which she beat on a tin cooking plate; then with garden mud from which she plastered pies; then with discarded paper on which, endlessly, Meriel "wrote."

Meriel hadn't needed anyone else; she hadn't needed to be "occupied"; she hadn't needed anyone at all to show her how to live . . .

"But maybe—maybe—" Alison said again, "if we had sent her to a nursery school it would be easier now."

Simon laughed.

"Well, maybe!" he agreed. "But anyway, whatever we did—whenever we did it—there has to be a first day!"

Alison bathed and dressed; carefully, in her best clothes, because, when you were small, the way your mother looked was extremely important.

Meriel's door was open.

"All right, darling?" Alison called.

"Yes, thank you, Mummy."

But all the same she had to go in.

Meriel's straight hair was neatly brushed and braided into plaits; Meriel's slow, sure hands closed the last button of the new blouse high at her throat, pulled the new socks high under bony knees—no more the short white socks of babyhood wrinkled about plump, pink ankles. No more—no more——

"Oh, you're a fool!" Alison said silently, shaking herself. And out loud, briskly: "Breakfast in five minutes, then."

She could not eat. Oh, it was crazy, she knew. As if teachers to-day were not sensible and kind. But then that other teacher in her youth, who'd asked could Alison read—she had been sensible and kindly, too.

Meriel solemnly spooned in cereal; solemnly sank her face into her mug of milk, while above it her dark, calm eyes wandered and ranged, all the time busy, weighing, questioning—just as on any other ordinary day.

"Time to get ready, darling!" Alison said; and Meriel stolidly pushed back her chair, folded her napkin, went to fetch her coat.

Alison got up, too.

Behind the propped-up paper Simon sat solemnly ploughing through the morning's news. He would not wonder, worry, or regret—

"You will be late," she said, "if you don't go."

The paper crackled.

"I've got the day off to-day."

Alison turned. He had the day off—by chance? Because, kindly if dimly, Simon knew—? Because—?

Beyond the paper, Simon's preoccupied hand groped for his cup of coffee. And if I could see his face, Alison thought, wryly, I shouldn't know what he was thinking. I never do . . .

And now they were walking, the three of them, down the road. Alison in her best clothes, and Simon in his, and Meriel in school uniform stumping between them, her shiny new satchel swinging against her leg.

The school was on a corner, and now, as they approached it, from every direction small green-clad figures in threes and twos and ones—some running, some hopping, some dragging at firm maternal hands—converged upon it, too.

And again Alison smelled that timeless smell of chalk dust, india-rubber, and crusted ink; and felt the tears pricking behind her eyes.

Her hand tightened on Meriel's. . . . "Darling . . ." she heard herself say. But at least she had sense enough not to go on: If you don't like it—if you aren't happy there—if they aren't kind to you . . .

Meriel's lashes, straight and thick and dark, lay on her pearly cheek. Alison felt, within her hand, the stir of Meriel's small, cool hand.

THIS was it — the time had come at last. "Well!" Alison said.

And Meriel spoke.

"Mummy," she said—but what did she feel? What was she thinking? With Meriel, nobody ever knew—"Mummy. Please. I want to go in alone."

And suddenly Alison's hand was empty; suddenly Simon's hand closed over her empty hand hard as if to say, "Steady, Alison. Let her go . . ."

"All right. If you'd really rather," Alison said. "Good-bye, darling."

"Bye!" Meriel said, over her shoulder; she was already gone.

They stood, Simon and Alison, by the gate, stupidly holding hands, while Meriel walked with the stream of anonymous little green girls to the open door. The school bell was clanging, from open windows drifted a high-pitched chatter, children were laughing and calling, one brushed by Alison with a hurried, important "'Scuse me, please."

And now Meriel had become one of the sturdy little green backs and Alison did not know which—did not know which . . .

The bell was still. The high-pitched chatter became a hum—busy, subdued. Presently through the open windows they heard the thin, clear sound of a morning hymn.

Alison put a hand over her eyes. "Oh, I'm a fool," she said on a little laugh. "Why am I crying? Why on earth should I cry if Meriel doesn't—and Meriel certainly won't! Where is the sense in crying for a first day?"

Simon was smiling. His long thin face as he smiled looked suddenly strange. Taut between laughter and—and—if Simon could ever have cried—and tears.

"A first day?" Simon said. "Or a last day?"

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Short story complete on this page

THE TIME THE PLACE THE MAN

By James A. Kirch

Jenny was looking lovelier than ever. Frank remembered his father's advice to sweep her off her feet, but all he could manage to say was, "You look nice."

SETTING his beer glass down on the bar, Mr. Frank Carstairs, sen., looked at his son. "A firm hand, my boy," he said. "The direct approach."

Mr. Frank Carstairs, jun., studied his father morosely. "Yes," he said. "Of course, Dad. But suppose Jenny turns me down?"

Mr. Carstairs, sen., smiled. "You're a Carstairs, my boy. The Carstairs go after their women. They sweep them off their feet." He finished his beer. "Off their feet." He waved his arm in a gesture that took in the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

"Yes," Frank said. "It sounds fine. It sounds easy."

"The direct approach," his father explained. He sampled his fresh glass of beer. "Women like to be carried away. A fact. Proved through the ages." Inspiration took hold of him. "From caves," he said. "By the hair."

"Look here," Frank said. "I'm no cave man." He thought of Jenny's hair. Red. He thought of dragging her by it. He shuddered.

"A figure of speech," his father said. "Just an expression. Forcefulness, my boy. Women admire it."

"Yes," Frank said. "But, Dad, marriage is important. It's . . ."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Mr. Carstairs announced. "The Cornerstone of Democracy. Don't take marriage lightly, my boy." He emptied his glass.

"I'm not," Frank said. "That's just it. When I think about it, I get butterflies . . ."

Mr. Carstairs scowled. "Butterflies," he repeated. "Don't marry a butterfly, my boy."

"In my stomach," Frank explained.

Mr. Caratairs frowned at his son's untouched beer glass. "Go easy," he warned. "Always coddle your stomach."

"About asking, Dad," Frank insisted. "You can't just come out with it. I mean, when you asked mother, you didn't just come out point-blank?"

Mr. Carstairs considered the matter. He let his thoughts go back. A dashing figure. Forceful. Not like the youngsters of to-day. Knew what he wanted. "Worked round to it," he said. "Just brought it in naturally."

"Naturally," Frank said. "Like, 'Will you go to the dance next Saturday?'"

Mr. Carstairs put his mind to it. He should help the boy. A father's duty. Out of the wealth of his experience. He was remembering now. A soft June night. A moon that hung over the river. Edith in a filmy blue dress. Edith with stars in her eyes. That was the night. He'd built up to it slowly.

"Build up to it slowly," he said. He kept the picture in mind. There was something that had given him a start. Something he'd used to build on. He took a sip of his beer and it came to him.

He'd learned the old Williams' house was for sale, cheap. A good house, in a good neighborhood. A chance for a young couple to make a start, without mortgaging themselves for life. He'd mentioned it casually to Edith.

He finished his beer and the picture grew clearer. It had been Edith who had mentioned it. She'd heard somehow that the house was on the market and she'd happened to mention it to him. He'd seized the opportunity.

"Seize your opportunity," he told Frank. "Strike while the iron is hot."

"Hot," Frank said. "But don't you have to fan it, or something? Didn't you pick out a romantic setting?"

"Romantic," Mr. Carstairs said. "By all means. Romantic." They'd walked down by the river. The moon had hung low over the water. He remembered he'd suggested. . . . He checked his thoughts, fingering his beer glass. He had it straight now. It had been Edith who'd suggested it. She'd said, "It's such a beautiful night. Let's walk down by the river."

"Humor her," he said. "Let her pick the place. Always humor a woman. Sets the right mood."

"Yes," Frank said. He slid off his stool. "Well, thanks, Dad. I'd better be running along. Jenny's expecting me."

Mr. Carstairs stopped him with upraised palm. "Nothing!" he said. "A father's duty. A privilege. Bless you, my son." He turned back to the bar. "One," he said to the bartender.

Jenny was breath-taking in a blue dress. Stars danced in her eyes. Frank gaped at her helplessly. He remembered his father's advice: "Off their feet." He envied his father. He said, "You look nice."

"That's sweet," Jenny said. She was bubbling, excited. She said, "You know, I've just had the most wonderful news. Arthur Graham's been promoted."

"Oh!" Frank said. "I mean, fine!"

"Daisy's delirious," Jenny said. "They've only been married a year, and that's his second promotion. It's almost as if marriage had done something for him."

"Yes," Frank said.

"It makes you feel good all over to hear of a marriage working out like that. You feel it does mean something."

"The Backbone of the Nation," Frank said. "Marriage, I mean."

Jenny stared at him, wide-eyed. "Why, Frank, I never thought of it like that. But you're right. You're absolutely right!"

"The Cornerstone of Democracy," Frank said. "Marriage, that is." The butterflies stirred inside him.

Jenny busied herself with the flowers. "It means Arthur goes to the head office," she said. "They're moving to London."

"Oh," Frank said. "London."

"And their flat," Jenny said. "You know their lovely flat? It means they're giving it up."

"That's bad luck," Frank said.

Jenny buried her head in the flowers. "She phoned me," she said. "Daisy did. She wanted to know if I knew anybody who'd like it."

"Anybody!" Frank said. "Anybody'd like their place."

"It would be wonderful," he said, "for some young couple starting out. With the housing shortage and all, it's a wonderful chance for some young couple."

"A young couple," Frank said. "Yes." The butterflies kicked him with paralysing force. It was too hot in the room. He took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "let's go." He picked up her coat. He knew that he'd lose her. He didn't have the nerve. He didn't know how other men did it. Men like his father. He just wasn't one of them. Words froze in his throat.

On the doorstep, he draped her coat over her shoulders. His hands trembled. He said, "Is there anything special? Anywhere you'd like to go?"

She smiled up at him, and the low-hanging moon brightened the stars in her eyes. "It's such a beautiful night," she said. "Such a beautiful night. Let's just walk down by the river."

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Quads are sitting up and taking notice

At six months they find each other interesting and amusing

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Adviser

The Sara quadruplets, now six months old, have grown into healthy, shining, blue-eyed blonds.

They are intensely interested in each other and play and coo together when lying side by side in their big cot.

PHILLIP, biggest and fairest of the four, leads a placid existence devoted mainly to sleep and meals.

Judith, no longer the disdainful beauty, is a vivacious little person willing to gurgle at first sign of a friendly face.

Alison, serene and dainty, casts a tolerant eye on her gay sister.

Mark, a sweet-natured babe, looks on with the biggest, bluest eyes of the lot, particularly when his mother is around.

All four have entered the teething stage. Signs of the two middle incisors are showing in each of their lower jaws, but it will be a race between Alison and Phillip for the first tooth.

In the nursery they have been promoted from their bassinets to cots, each with an inner-spring mattress. The cots help to fill up a room already small for four quickly growing babies.

They have their morning sleep in cots on the verandah of the Sara home, under the eye of Sooty, the family dog.

"We didn't tell Sooty to look after them. He just took it on himself," said Mrs. Betty Sara.

"When the babies are on the verandah, Sooty is with them. When they're back in the nursery, Sooty goes off for a romp with Geoffrey."

The weather in Bellingen, as in most parts of N.S.W., has not been consistently good this summer and the babies cannot work up a good suntan.

When weather permits they go for their daily walk in two big, roomy double prams made specially for them by the London Baby Carriage Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. The same firm also made the "four-in-hand" in which the Quads appear on our front cover. This is to be used only on special occasions.

In the cover shot the Quads are, from left, Alison, Mark, Judith, and Phillip.

Mrs. Sara said that the "nappy" problem was a big one during the wet weather.

"I'm grateful to the Bellingen Hospital for letting me use their drying-room during the wettest weather."

OCCASIONAL OUTING up main street of Bellingen is always slow because babies, in their trim prams from London Baby Carriage Pty Ltd., Melbourne, are inspected by team of admirers.

Judith, who was a finicky feeder, recently began a new diet routine and is now eating as well as her brothers and sister.

She is wide awake and out to get as much attention as she can. Given an audience, she digs her heels into her mattress, arches her strong little back, and goes into what her father describes as her "Carmen Miranda act."

She wriggles, gurgles, wriggles some more, and then laughs with joy. Small sister Alison enjoys watching her, and occasionally gets hep and goes into the same wriggling act.

Perhaps because he is more placid, Phillip does not use up so many calories. He keeps a nice covering of flesh on his rather big frame.

Mark is getting very like his brother in looks. Both boys try hard to sit up alone, and manage to pull themselves into a half-sitting position. They chuckle with delight when, with the aid of helping fingers, they achieve the upright position for a minute or so.

As far as their mother is concerned, the babies are at their best age.

"They're kept fed, bathed, and changed and put into their cots or prams," she explained.

"I know where they are.

"But in another six months they'll be crawling everywhere. They'll be into cupboards, and all the mischief about the place, especially Judith. Everything breakable will be put away.

"But they'll also be fascinating because they'll be showing different little characteristics. They'll probably make plenty of noise, too, and I suppose each will know what the other is talking about."

The fifth feed at one a.m. was cut out when the babies were 16 weeks old, at the beginning of December. At first Phillip—and sometimes Alison—was inclined to wake in the early hours of the morning and demand food.

However, they soon settled down to four daily feeds for the 24 hours and continued to make steady gains. They were given bigger bottles to make up the necessary quantity of food.

They sleep well during the night. Betty Sara and Rita Connell, who replaced Sister Rita Glyde when

MOSQUITO NETTING draped over Alison's head by the Quads' former nurse, Sister Rita Glyde, before she left to be married, makes Alison a very junior bride.

"LOOK, DAD! I can play with a spoon as well as any six-months-old," exclaims Judith. Judith is the liveliest of the quadruplets.

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BIG BROTHER. With their parents as witnesses, Phillip (left) tells small sister Alison he will look after her when Mum and Dad are not around. Alison gurgles with joy when she has her bath, but Phillip would rather eat and sends up a cry at bath time.

she left to be married, take "night duty" on alternate nights, but the infants need very little attention.

The extra hours of sleep for mother and nurse give them fresh strength and energy for the next day's care of four lively, vigorous, and demanding little personalities.

Each of the Sara quadruplets is as alert and well developed as a six-months-old baby should be.

The physical and mental development of a baby is shown in many ways after the age of six months.

The birthweight is usually doubled between five and six months — smaller-born babies often more than doubling — and some babies can sit up for a few moments without support. They love to play with their fingers and toes, which they have discovered are part of themselves. They reach out for objects and can also hold two objects, one in each hand. They love to play with rattles, and if given a spoon love to bang it on a pan or table.

They take greater interest in what is going on around them and like bright objects as well as noisy ones.

They show strong annoyance when thwarted and discriminate between friends and strangers.

The Sara quadruplets shape up well to these tests. They are a great credit to their parents, doctor, and those who have had the care of them.

Despite her usual good health, Mrs. Sara could not give her whole attention to her babies for a while. She had a bad attack of fibrositis for several weeks and then went down for a week with jaundice.

Many visitors to Bellingen, most of whom are passing through, expect to see the quadruplets as soon as they arrive in the town.

They are usually disappointed. Soon after the babies came home from hospital, Betty and Percy Sara realised they would have a constant stream of visitors if they did not make it a firm rule not to admit uninvited guests to the house.

When I visited Bellingen recently Phillip weighed 16lb. 5½oz., Alison 11lb. 15oz., Judith 12lb. 6¼oz., and Mark 13lb. 3oz. The boys have been gaining at the rate of seven ounces a week, but should slow down now that they are six months old. The girls have made the more average gain of four ounces a week.

SITTING UP, with the aid of his mother's fingers, is the most engaging part of Mark's day.

STURDY PHILLIP, unhindered by clothes, is ready for all the pats Rita Connell likes to give him. His hair is flaxen. He and Mark tan more readily than their sisters.

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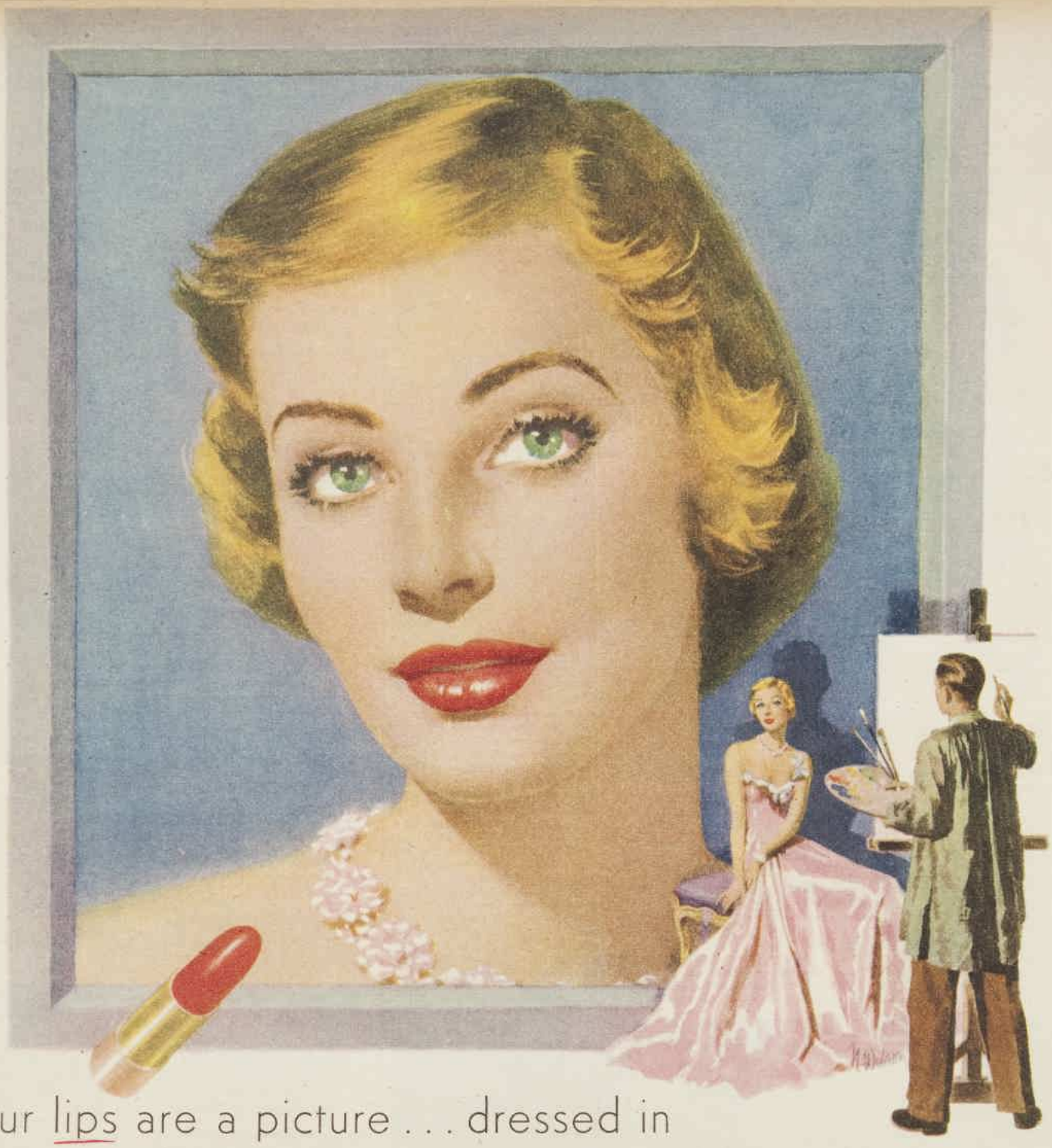

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MISS BLANCHE PATCH with Jacob Epstein's sculptured head of George Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Shaw disliked the head so much she would not allow it in the house.

G. B. Shaw's secretary says he was a poseur

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

George Bernard Shaw was a man of many contradictions to whom posing was second nature, according to Miss Blanche Patch, who was Shaw's secretary from 1920 until his death last year.

Miss Patch has written her candid impressions of Shaw in a book called "Thirty Years With G.B.S.," which has just been published in London.

MISS PATCH took Shaw's greatness for granted. In her eyes he was "just like so many of us," with many weaknesses, failings, and irritating habits.

"I was never swept away by his personality," says Miss Patch in her book. "I had a life of my own and interests more important than the great man himself. I never came under his spell."

So she has written a book, not about his greatness, but about domestic trivialities that are absorbing only because they concern Shaw.

Miss Patch is spare in looks and precise in manner. She has grey hair, keen blue eyes, and smooth clear skin. She does not smoke or drink.

An old friend of Miss Patch told me: "She leads an extremely dried-up life. She is purposeful and uncluttered in her love of the theatre. She can even go and see Ivor Novello and enjoy it."

I gather that Miss Patch admired the eccentric letters that Shaw used to write to newspaper editors and junior reporters who would approach him for interviews. After Shaw's death I asked her to tell me some of the secrets of her 30 years' secretaryship. She replied in a note that might have been written by Shaw himself.

The gist of the note was that she was writing a book, and if I wanted to know anything I had best buy a copy. I did.

In "Thirty Years with G.B.S." Miss Patch says that Shaw was essentially a modest man.

"He was too diffident to welcome advertisement for himself," she adds. "When he did dabble in publicity it was to draw attention to something he wanted done."

Giving instances of Shaw's contradictions, Miss Patch says that he used to declare that art and beauty were necessary to him. But in fact, she claims, he had no time for either.

Although Shaw was an art critic he lived in a jumble of odds and ends. His house was of really striking ugliness. He was surrounded almost exclusively by busts and portraits of himself.

He called himself an expert photographer, but not more than a fifth of his exposures was successful.

He had a large garden but it meant nothing to him. There were no cut flowers in his house.

"I'm very fond of children," Shaw would say. "But I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots around the house."

Miss Patch makes it clear that she considered Shaw deficient in his contacts with the other people. Unable to appreciate the world of the mind, the fever of ideas, in which he lived, she contrasts it, somewhat smugly, with her own girlhood as a daughter of the vicarage, constantly in touch with the life and problems of all classes.

Not talkative

MISS PATCH explodes the popular belief that Shaw was as talkative as Polonius.

"Ordinarily he was a silent man," she says. "When he lunched out or entertained he talked, as was expected of him, a great deal. At home he turned on his wireless to stop talk at meals.

"He accepted his gifts and the fame they brought him with much less pride than he did his eyebrows. Of them he was very vain, and refused to have their fierceness trimmed. He had his head massaged once a week with the yolk of an egg."

Miss Patch also debunks the legend that Shaw was an astute businessman.

"G.B.S. had great difficulty in understanding figures," she reveals. "He checked the household accounts with a portable adding machine."

According to Miss Patch, Shaw was finicky about money rather than fundamentally mean. He could be generous in big ways but inconsiderate in small ways. He refused on principle to help people who wrote begging letters.

By his 90th birthday Shaw was more than careful about money. He refused to increase his staff's wages to meet the postwar cost of living. He grumbled at the cost of answering letters. He refused to buy heavier winter curtains for the drawing-room. He had his suits made locally and more cheaply in Ayot St. Lawrence, and he wore them unlined.

Shaw's phobia during the last four years of his life was that he was on the verge of bankruptcy and that if he lived much longer he would die penniless. He wrote the National Health Service to make sure he could get his death certificate free. He persuaded himself that he was paying £147 tax for every £100 he earned.

Miss Patch also lists some of Shaw's idiosyncracies:

- He wore socks specially shaped for his left and right feet because they were more comfortable.
- He carried an umbrella in the rain but scorned overcoats.
- He never drank tea or plain water, but apple juice or spiced sour milk.

The way Shaw proposed to Charlotte Payne Townsend in 1898 might have been straight from one of his plays.

Finding Shaw low from overwork and an infected foot, Charlotte took a house at Hindhead and engaged two nurses to look after him. When she told Shaw of her plan he protested and said: "Go out and get a marriage licence. It's impossible for a woman in your position to have a single man living in your house!"

They were married almost at once. Of the marriage Blanche Patch says: "Generally speaking their attitude would be the same because their approach to most questions was identical. She was a bit possessive, and she would have been no woman had she never been jealous of Shaw's attraction for other women."

Miss Patch seems confused about Shaw's ideas on religion and suggests that Shaw himself was uncertain what to believe.

She says that Shaw claimed that his booklet "The Adventures of a Black Girl in Search of God," which most people thought atheistic, was written because God said to him: "Take your pen and write what I shall put into your silly head."

Most readers, however, will attribute any confusion, as to religion or anything else, to the limitations of Miss Patch's understanding. Even after reading her views on Shaw, it is hard to believe he was ever in doubt of what he thought about anything.

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THE BAND OF THE BLACK WATCH, which will tour Australia during the Jubilee Celebrations, photographed in Berlin before departure.

BANDMASTER L. H. HICKS (left, below) is briefed by Capt. J. B. Fortune, son of General Fortune, who commanded the 51st Highland Division in the war.

Band of Black Watch to tour Australia

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

Pipers of the Black Watch Regiment, who have rallied its ranks since it was raised by George II in 1729, will be heard for the first time in Australia this month when the band will tour the Commonwealth.

BRITISH Army history is starred with the bravery of men of the Black Watch, with which seven Dominion Regiments are allied, including the N.S.W. Scottish Regiment and the Capricornia Regiment of Australia.

The regiment's band will take part in the Commonwealth Jubilee Celebrations in capital cities and some country centres.

Loyal Highlanders, sons of landholders, and young men of good position formed the original six companies of the regiment in 1729. Though they constituted a part of the Regular Army, they continued to wear the dress of their country.

Their black-and-green tartan of sombre appearance gained for them the description "black." Regular troops of the day wore scarlet coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and were called Red Soldiers.

The Black Watch was first employed enforcing the Disarming Act in Scotland, following the Jacobean Rebellion, a task which required constant watching of rival clans to prevent plunder and reprisals. Hence the name watch.

Since its formation the regiment has been identified by its tartan, always a source of great pride to all ranks.

Early in World War II, when the kilt was withdrawn because it would identify the Watch in action, a burly sergeant-major growled, "But damn it man, we want to be identified."

The kilt gradually crept back, and was seen on countless battlefields as the regiment added to its impressive list of honors.

As a spectacle there isn't a band to compare to the Black Watch in ceremonial dress.

There are forty bandsmen, four pipers, the bandmaster, and an officer in the band.

Pipers of the Watch, as befits members of the senior Highland Regiment, are among the bravest of their famous fraternity. At the regiment's formation one of their pipers was Donald M'Crimmon, and now M'Crimmon is the greatest name in pipe history, that family having produced, generation after generation, most accomplished performers.

In the defence of New York, during the American Revolution, a piper of the Watch led the storm of Fort Washington, up almost inaccessible cliffs. After Quatre-Bras and Waterloo the Watch's delighted Brigade-Commander, Sir Denis Pack, presented the pipers with a set of pipes, which were long played in the band.

In the Indian Mutiny, when the exhausted tiny garrison at the Lucknow Residency revived at the faraway sound of Havelock's approach, it was "The Campbells Are Comin'," played by the pipes of the Watch which brought them the first whisper of hope.

In World War I 30 pipers of the Watch were killed in battle and fifty-one wounded.

In World War II pipers of the Watch played at Tobruk and El Alamein, in the Normandy battles, over the Rhine, and in the jungles of Burma.

In the thunderous overture to El Alamein, when the sky was lit by flashes like the Northern Lights, and the moon was blotted out by smoke and dust, the sound of the pipes of the Black Watch could be heard between the terrific salvos of the guns.

One of the players was Piper McIntyre, who went on playing though he was wounded three times. When he was found dead in the morning the bag was still under his arm, his fingers still upon the chanter.

The Black Watch has a song they sang all the way during a magnificent rearguard action they fought from the Maginot Line to St. Valery en Caux, where a Black Watch with the 51st Highland Division was captured in June, 1940.

It goes:

"Don't send away the Sixth Black Watch,
It's next to the Navy and the sea;
If it wasn't for the Sixth Black Watch,
Where would the Empire be?"

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Though traditional recruiting areas for Black Watch personnel are Perth, Angus, and Fife, in Scotland, many of the "Jocks" are from the Midlands of England. Bandmaster L. H. Hicks is a Londoner.

Admiral Sir James Somerville tells of passing a Black Watch sentry several times but receiving no salute. He pointed to the rings of gold on his sleeve, and said: "Do you see all this?"

The sentry said, "Aye," and Somerville replied mildly, "Well, why don't you salute?"

The Jock looked at the gold rings and said, "Ye may be a sergeant, but ye're no a sergeant in the Black Watch."

The discipline and self-sacrifice of the Black Watch when the Birkenhead sank on February 25, 1852, is but one page in their glorious annals.

The Birkenhead was transporting 500 soldiers, including a detachment of Black Watch, to South Africa. She struck a rock in Simon's Bay. There were not enough boats for everybody, and all women and children were disembarked first.

Ten minutes later the ship broke in halves and the captain ordered all men to jump overboard and swim for the boats.

Officers pointed out to the men that that would endanger the lives of the women and children. Ranks were re-formed at once, and 357 men went down with the ship. The Black Watch had the largest detachment of any regiment on board.

Wilhelm I, Emperor of Germany, was so impressed by this mass heroism that he ordered the story to be read on parade to all German regiments.

The Queen is honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the Black Watch, and Bandmaster L. H. Hicks, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., has twice conducted performances in her presence.

On their South African tour early in 1950 the band drew crowds of 30,000 people.

An early tour was to the North-west frontier of India, on which they travelled 40,000 miles. They have also been to Denmark, and they gave a special performance before the present King of Sweden, King Gustav the Sixth, when he was Crown Prince.

The Black Watch has given outstanding leaders to the Army.

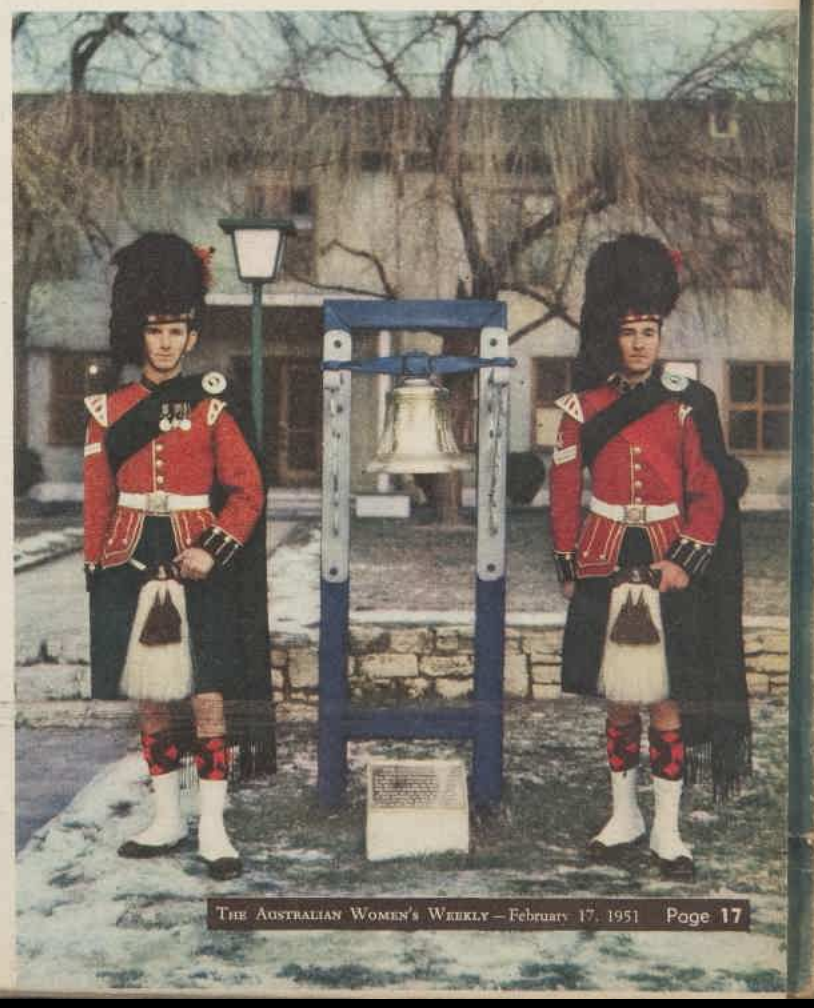
Foremost among them are Lord Wavell and General Victor Fortune, who commanded the 51st Highland Division.

Colonel Fergusson, who wrote the Watch's history published recently, was one of Wingate's doughtiest lieutenants.

BANDMASTER L. H. HICKS, who will conduct the Black Watch Band in Australia. The band will make a tour of Australian capital cities and country centres.

BAND MEMBERS with one of the regiment's trophies, a gong captured at Seria Ghaut during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The oldest Royal Scottish Regiment, the Black Watch has many battle trophies.

CAPTURED from the Turks in 1917 by an advance guard of the Black Watch, the Bagdad Bell, below, is set up in the Berlin barracks of the regiment, now on occupation duties. With it are two bandsmen.



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stays lovelier longer, resists chipping flaking and peeling

BOOK REVIEW

by AINSLIE BAKER

BELLES ON THEIR TOES
By Frank B. Gilbreth and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

If "Cheaper by the Dozen" was another "Life With Father," its successor, "Belles on Their Toes," is very much "life with mother."

THE co-authors, Frank B. Gilbreth and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey, once again take up the family album and open it three days after their father's death in 1924.

Not having read or seen the film version of its predecessor will in no way dim the enjoyment of those who in "Belles on Their Toes" meet the 11 Gilbreth children for the first time.

But, as with "Cheaper by the Dozen," to get the full value it is necessary to remember that this is no story but a record of the life of real people related by two of them.

The father, Frank Gilbreth, was an American consulting engineer and efficiency expert. His work in motion study and elimination of fatigue in industry after many years was about to be recognised internationally when he was invited to speak at the London Power Conference and preside over a session of the World Congress of Scientific Management in Prague.

He died of a heart attack at the outset of the journey. Lillian Gilbreth, a doctor of philosophy and his partner, as a widow of three days, sailed to take his place.

To carry on their joint work seemed the only way if the family were not to be broken up among relatives. Besides, it had been Frank Gilbreth's hope to give all his children a university education.

How the family, from Anne, the eldest (18), to Jane, the youngest (not quite two), managed in her absence forms the first episode of a story whose real heroine emerges as the red-headed, indefatigable widow who in 1948 was elected America's Woman of the Year.

LILLIAN GILBRETH

It is impossible to read "Belles on Their Toes" without becoming acutely aware of the quality of that truly remarkable woman Lillian Gilbreth.

The most loving and understanding of mothers, with all the most delightful feminine qualities, every year becoming more eminent in a thoroughly non-feminine field, she would accompany her family on shopping excursions armed with blueprints, a copy of the magazine "Iron Age," and a shawl she was crocheting for her mother.

Yet "there was a time when Mother wept easily, when she was afraid of walking alone at night, when a lightning storm would send her shuddering into a dark closet," Frank, jun., and Ernestine write.

"All that ended the day Dad died. It ended because it HAD to end."

Apart from Lillian Gilbreth, the book's oustanding character is Tom, who had been with the family for 17 years as handyman.

"Tom knew a little about everything. Not enough to fix it if it were broken, but enough to think he could . . . He never forgot a mistake, either, and so was able to keep making the same errors over and over again."

The children knew he would be willing to cut off his right arm for them, though there was no guarantee that in his eagerness to oblige he would not get rattled and cut off his left arm by mistake.

Tom helped and hindered them through the attack of chicken-pox that put the entire 11 to bed the day after Mrs. Gilbreth's departure—and through the motion study course which for years she conducted in a house full of children, attracting students from all over the world.

By the time Janet went to college, consulting jobs of national importance were being offered to Mrs. Gilbreth. "After years of working and scrimping, she could have fur coats, a maid to bring her breakfast in bed, even a limousine and chauffeur if she wanted them," her son and daughter write.

"Mother didn't want them, and she had no idea of stopping work . . . The raising of 11 children had taken a far heavier toll on our house than it had on Mother. Mother still was slim, quick, and erect, but the house was tired and sagging."

Mrs. Gilbreth and Jane (the older children were by this time all married and had children of their own) rented an apartment, and Mrs. Gilbreth once again started using her best silver and china.

When the war came, few women in America were busier than Lillian Gilbreth. She had five sons overseas and wrote to them every day. She was working with the War Manpower Commission, the Government was using her studies on motions of the disabled to help rehabilitate amputees, and war industries were asking for the latest time-saving techniques.

After the war the Gilbreths held a family council and suggested to their mother that she make her home with one of them.

"We glanced at Mother to see how she was taking it, and for the first time we knew for certain why she lived alone. We knew that, glad as she was to have us home, she didn't want to go through it all again . . . one generation was enough."

To-day Lillian Gilbreth's entry in the American "Who's Who" takes up 48 lines. She is now 73, holds honorary degrees of eight universities, and whenever she goes away on a business trip leaves for her children an itinerary of the hotels where she will be stopping.

At the bottom is this message: "I know you'll call me if you need me."

In all, "Belles on Their Toes" is a friendly, amusing book, important for the picture it gives of one of America's most distinguished women.

"Belles on Their Toes" is published by William Heinemann. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 37 February 17, 1951

MEAT FOR BRITAIN

NEWS that Britain's meat ration has been cut again has caused a public agitation for the reopening of the Food for Britain Fund.

This immediate demand shows once more how close are the bonds between this country and Britain.

Australians can imagine no worse food calamity than to be deprived of meat.

That British wage-earners and their families are now faced with the dreary prospect of searching still further under mountains of vegetables and potatoes for their infinitesimal meat ration appalls them.

Though medical opinion is divided there seems little doubt that the very young and the elderly victims of the recent influenza epidemic in Britain died because they had little resistance with which to fight the disease.

This was attributed by many doctors to lack of meat.

Though it may not be possible to reopen the Lord Mayor's Food for Britain Fund, which has just wound up its organisation, thousands of private parcels can and will be sent from this country.

Food for Britain parcels sent previously were acclaimed as most suitable.

Private parcels should follow the same lines if they are to do the most good.

Solid packs of meat are the most acceptable, and all fats are essential.

Any tendency on the part of unscrupulous traders or food processors to include unsuitable items in these parcels as was done in the early days of the previous appeal should be carefully watched.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Mrs. Gay has a real pat on the back for Persil-washed coloureds, too. "Persil is just as good with coloured dresses and shirts and kiddies' clothes, and my children cause plenty of washing," she declares. "I also wash stockings and silk materials in Persil suds, too, and they always stay nice and the colours keep bright."

(*Actual letter on file*)

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P.37.WW1424

DIVORCE: Second of four articles

Insecurity of modern life strains marriage tie

By ZELIE McLEOD

Last week we discussed the rise in the divorce rate in Australia and the way divorce affects women and children.

We found that to many women divorce means a complete collapse of their emotional and social life, intense loneliness, and financial worry.

THIS week we examine some of the main factors that social workers believe cause divorce.

In Australia neither men nor women rush into divorce as light-heartedly as many people do in America, where divorce is, on the whole, more easy to get.

In Australia most divorce cases take roughly 15 months to complete from the time the client first goes to a solicitor to the time of the decree nisi.

In most States there is a further wait of three to six months between the decrees nisi and absolute.

This time lag reduces the chance of Australians divorcing in haste and repenting at leisure.

In the period between a husband or wife commencing divorce proceedings and their appearance in court both parties have several months to let their tempers cool, resentments die, and to examine calmly the step they are taking.

So we may be fairly sure that when an Australian couple go through the divorce court one party at least is convinced that divorce is the only way out.

Nevertheless, many sociologists believe that much the same causes lie at the root of most divorces in Australia, America, England, or elsewhere.

Perhaps the most important cause is the general social instability resulting from two world wars, a tragic depression, and the fears of future depressions and warfare.

This fear of the future is a deadly infection which influences almost everyone in the community. Some people become criminals. Others fear to accept responsibility or to become dependent economically or emotionally on anyone else — even a husband or wife.

Marriage is essentially a long-term contract in which the two partners must become freely dependent on each other for love, comradeship, and help.

So if the stress and strain of modern life make husband or wife uneasy about accepting the mutual dependence that marriage demands, then that marriage has already got off to a bad start and may easily end in the divorce court.

Normally, in marriage, the husband should get pleasure from depending on his wife for the mothering all men require.

The wife should get pleasure from being dependent on her husband for a thousand and one things. This mutual dependence enriches marriage and neither party should resist it or try to fight against it.

But the insecurity of modern life often prevents husbands and wives from allowing themselves to become dependent physically and emotionally on each other. For example, during the war servicemen's wives carried more than their normal share of family responsibilities and at the same time were deprived of their husbands' support.

As a result, women who have recently endured wartime worry and separation—or who have known other women who have become war widows—are afraid to depend on husbands who may have to fight another war.

Many women fear to become dependent on a man who may lose his job. They fear having a family they may not be able to support. In men this social insecurity creates doubts about their ability to support a family.

These social and economic insecurities have deep psychological repercussions among marriage partners. A husband needs to feel that his wife can depend on him. But, these days, his inner anxiety about the future may make him fear he won't be able to provide for her.

As a result he may become resentful and unconsciously start to blame her for being dependent on him.

This inner anxiety, twisted into resentment, often causes serious trouble between husband and wife.

For example, here is a story of a young working man whose deep anxiety about his ability to look after his wife almost ended in the divorce court.

Happily the wife was wise enough to seek advice before the marriage went entirely on the rocks.

The husband became temporarily unemployed four months after his wife had a baby. The family needed money, so the wife returned to the work she did before she married.

The husband felt humiliated because his wife went out to work. Although normally a sympathetic husband, he became impatient when the mother worried about leaving the baby with its grandmother.

The wife was attractive and her employer made sexual advances to her. She turned to her husband for protection but he dismissed the situation as his wife's "imagination."

The wife was deeply shocked and hurt. She took a new job, but suffered acutely because she could not understand why her husband had not protected her. She felt he no longer loved her and that the whole foundation of her marriage had collapsed. She contemplated breaking up the marriage, but wisely sought advice from a marriage guidance centre.

The counsellor at the centre explained to her that her husband's failure to protect her was an instinctive action designed to hide his extreme anxiety about his own failure as a family provider.

In normal circumstances he would have protected his wife, but now he was so panicky about the family situation he simply had to suppress in his own mind the threat to his wife's security.

If the wife had not talked her troubles out with an experienced counsellor she would have continued to think her husband had "let her down."

Australian divorce statistics show that the most common ground for divorce proceedings is desertion. Adultery is the next.

For example, in New South Wales in 1949 the number of decrees made absolute was 2631. Of these, 779 wives sued for divorce on the ground of desertion, compared with 251 wives who sued on the ground of adultery.

In the same year 556 husbands sued for divorce on the ground of the wife's desertion and 331 sued on the ground of adultery.

These figures show that of the total number of divorces granted, 51 per cent. were granted on the charge of desertion compared with 22 per cent. for adultery. Another 23 per cent. were granted on the ground of non-compliance with a decree for restitution of conjugal rights. Other grounds accounted for the remaining four per cent. of the total divorces.

These figures seem to show that a large number of marriages break up from some personal conflict between husband and wife rather than from a new attraction for some third person.

The insecurity and uncertainty of modern social and economic conditions put a strain on the marriage relationship that our grandparents and parents never experienced.

But many sociologists believe there is another important cause for modern marriage breakups. They say that nowadays many people don't bother to work at making marriage a success.

The head of a marriage guidance centre told us:

"Many people have a childish approach to marriage. They have a Hollywood conception that marriage is all moonlight ecstasy. For these people glamor goes out of the window when the realities of married life come through the door."

Many social workers agree that problems about money and sex are the two most complicated constituents in the emotional life of our society.

They say that money is at the root of a number of marital problems, not only because of its importance socially, but also because it provides a good weapon of retaliation for either side. By misusing household money either husband or wife can indulge his or her own needs and punish the partner at the same time.

This is the reason why family financial plans need the co-operation of both partners.

Ignorance and fear of sexual re-

Preview of fashions

Next week The Australian Women's Weekly will present a special survey of autumn and winter fashions.

THIS complete guide to the new season's clothes will show you nearly 100 styles photographed specially for us. Many of the illustrations will be in color.

Thirty-three manufacturers from New South Wales and Victoria supplied clothes for the supplement.

The garments include coats, frocks, evening clothes, casual wear, and blouses.

They were selected because they will be, according to leading retail buyers, the best sellers of the coming season.

The clothes have been modelled for us by 26 of Australia's most attractive young models.

All the styles selected will be on sale in stores throughout the Commonwealth.

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FAMILY MONEY PROBLEMS and plans need the co-operation of both partners to keep a marriage working smoothly. The husband who, without any show of superiority or patronage, checks his wife's household accounts and helps her adjust mistakes is saving for happiness as well as security.

lationships in marriage lead to many divorces unless the parties are intelligent enough to seek advice.

For example, the husband of an 18-year-old girl brought his wife along to a marriage guidance centre because she could not respond to his lovemaking. She thought to do so was "unladylike."

When questioned the girl disclosed that she was an illegitimate child born when her mother was 15 years old.

The mother believed she had been sinful, and after the birth of her child shunned men. She passed this sexual code on to her daughter. When the daughter grew up she rebelled and married against her mother's wish. But after marriage her mother's teaching reasserted itself. The girl could not respond to her husband and the whole marriage was in jeopardy.

However, after several sessions with the marriage counsellor the girl managed to reconcile the conflict between her normal instincts and her mother's teaching.

Difference of opinion in disciplining children is another danger which may assume such enormous proportions the whole family breaks up.

Husbands who take all their recreation away from the home and apart from their wives run a serious risk of marital discord, especially if the husband uses this method to escape household chores.

A wife who is constantly left at home while the husband relaxes elsewhere will sooner or later become resentful. Resentment is one of the most dangerous human emotions and often leads to active hatred.

One experienced marriage counsellor says he rarely achieves reconciliation between middle-aged married people.

"Very often years of resentment have ruined all love and affection in one of the partners—usually the wife," he said.

Bad homemaking is a frequent factor in marriage discord, sometimes driving the husband away.

Bad homemaking may result from many things. The wife may have low standards of cleanliness and lack training in running a home. It may be the result of fatigue, especially in these days when housewives can't get household help and have to do most of the food carrying because of lack of deliveries.

Very often bad homemaking is the outward sign of a deep inner depression, perhaps the fear that the marriage is already heading towards disaster.

Sometimes a wife is slovenly in the home because she unconsciously wants to punish her husband. It may be the only way she can protest against being tied to the home.

Some women do not get any real satisfaction out of the chores of homemaking—cooking, housekeeping. In bygone years no woman would have dared to admit such a thing, but these days when women have varied and interesting careers open to them many find the ties of domesticity irksome and throw them off at the first hitch in married bliss.

Women's economic freedom is another highly important factor in the rising divorce rate. These days few women need suffer an unhappy marriage. If a marriage breaks up most women can make some effort to earn their own living—even if they have children.

Marriage counsellors believe this economic freedom women have is often a deciding factor in a wife's attitude when she finds her husband has been unfaithful.

An observation from one of Sydney's most experienced marriage guidance counsellors points up the sense of independence this economic freedom has given women.

"I am constantly surprised by the increasing number of women who will not accept maintenance from their divorced husbands for themselves, but only for any children of the marriage," she told us.

The curious fact is that many wives still believe that "unfaithfulness" is an essential part of masculine make-up. This is built up by the double standard of morality which the civilised world has accepted for so many hundreds of years.

But science gives us no proof that men are essentially promiscuous. True, we know of some polygamous peoples, but we also know of peoples who have practised polyandry (one wife with several husbands).

These are essentially primitive culture patterns which, for all we know, may reflect the true nature of men and women. But they have no relationship with the marriage concept we have built up over a thousand years in the Western world.

Most sociologists regard unfaithfulness in marriage as an indication of basic instability of character in both men and women.

To sum up, experts on marital guidance believe that much of the increase in divorce stems from an irresponsible attitude of mind that is becoming more common in the community.

These days many people are so emotionally immature they believe life is a sugar-cake existence in which they are entitled to "happiness" without putting any effort into achieving it.

Next week we will discuss the work of marriage reconciliation centres and the problems they deal with.

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Our doctor discusses—

CORTISONE—*cure that can be worse than disease*

By a leading Australian specialist

Medicine flourishes in a sick world, where the air is tense with the excitement of new discoveries.

But many doctors are dishevelled. Some are out of breath through trying to keep pace with clinical research and biochemistry. Others are standing dubiously by.

FOR strange things are happening in their world of sickness. Before their very eyes the dying are rising from their beds, and the chronically ill are taking a new lease of life.

Sickness is not running true to form. Strange allergies creep in where they are not expected, and other inexplicable reactions come crowding into the picture.

The old ways of healing have come into question. Newer methods are in vogue, and often the doctor may not know where they will lead. Cherished ideas have had to be sacrificed overnight, and theories changed almost from day to day. As a result, a large number of the body's ailments are in the melting-pot.

The lay public are more than a little bewildered also; because they live in an age of Press-advertised "wonder-drugs," many of which have in the past few years become household words.

Who, for instance, is unfamiliar with penicillin or unacquainted with streptomycin? Or the sulphonamides that save countless thousands of lives each year?

These miraculous substances are not as simple in their action as they seemed at first. They sometimes give rise to side effects that may be unpleasant and even dangerous. Their cure may sometimes turn out to be spurious. They may produce an immunity which will prevent their use in a subsequent illness.

The public may not know these things and continue to clamor for this or that newly acclaimed drug, and wonder why the doctor is not more co-operative and generally more considerate of their wishes.

Take the latest of these wonder drugs, "Cortisone" — a household word before it is even available here as a medicine.

Cortisone was isolated some years ago as "Compound E" by Kendall. It remained a laboratory curiosity until Hench got a hunch and discovered the magic in its molecule.

Hench and his colleagues at the Mayo Clinic found that this crystalline hormonal substance obtained from the adrenal cortex, an apparently insignificant flap of tissue surmounting the kidneys, was capable of inducing marked clinical improvement in cases of rheumatoid arthritis.

This seemed an astounding piece of news. Very soon glowing reports circulated through the waiting world of a bedridden woman who, after treatment, embarked upon a three-hour shopping excursion; of men, bent with pain, who threw away their crutches.

The Mayo Clinic, in the minds of many, has become a veritable Lourdes.

The lay public seldom hears the other side of the story, is seldom informed of the cases that do not respond so dramatically, or who, having improved temporarily, relapse.

Hench's latest figures show that of 23 sufferers from arthritis studied during a period of from seven to 14 months after treatment with Cortisone, eight had maintained a 60-90 per cent. improvement, five had maintained a 50 per cent. improvement, and 10 had not maintained any appreciable improvement.

Cortisone is a difficult substance to produce in quantity, and, though it is now being synthesised from oxbile in the laboratory of the industrial chemist, the demand greatly exceeds the supply.

England has acquired barely more than is necessary for limited research purposes, but in many countries, including Australia, it is still almost unprocurable. The comparatively small quantities available have been mainly used in treating rheumatoid arthritis. But medical research never sits still.

Therefore, it is not surprising to find that Cortisone has been tried in a number of different diseases.

CRIPPLED AND MISSHAPEN HANDS of the arthritis sufferer are incapable of doing work.

What has been more surprising is to find that it was seemingly efficacious in such widespread conditions as asthma and scleroderma.

But this is not all. The wonder-drug became more wonderful the more it was tried, until it is now known to have produced favorable results in some 30 or more different diseases.

Physicians blinked and asked themselves what relation existed between ulcerative colitis and psoriasis (skin disease) or between serum sickness and pemphigus, all of which were influenced by Cortisone.

The same substance was then found markedly effective in certain non-specific inflammatory diseases of the eye. Later it proved useful in the healing of burns.

From the eyes to the joints, from the blood to the skin, from the digestive tract to the kidneys, the beneficial trail of Cortisone has extended, and none can say what the outcome will be.

At present no one knows how Cortisone works. When a substance like this—a natural inhabitant of the body—is found to exert a beneficial change in the appearance and *symptoms of so many different* diseases, it seems to have become necessary for medical men to revise their ideas about disease.

Maybe they must abandon the idea that each disease is a rigidly encased entity in the compartment of its symptoms, and must realise that its beginning is more diffuse and complicated than was previously imagined.

This, if it is to come about, will mean a radical change in medicine and its teaching.

With such a change some good will come to medicine. Not only may some order come out of chaos, but a powerful therapeutic weapon may rest at the service of mankind.

On the other hand, one cannot help feeling apprehensive lest Cortisone, if ever it can be made in large quantities, may be used indiscriminately as a cure-all.

This kind of thing has happened before with earlier wonder drugs, and has resulted only in doing medicine a disfavor.

Cortisone, not yet out of the experimental stage, is not for the tyro. It may still be unsafe in inexperienced hands. It may, if used injudiciously, produce more harmful symptoms than those it was invoked to cure.

Bad effects have been noticed especially when given in high dosage.

Congestive heart failure and dropsy have been shown to occur due to retention of water and sodium.

Changes in carbohydrate metabolism with the production of a type of artificial diabetes may also follow its use. Hyperadrenalism with development of the "*moonface*," facial hairiness, and, in women, the suppression of the periods are sometimes encountered. Alterations in the psychic field have also been reported, with change of mood and disposition.

Handling it, therefore, one should not be blinded to these things by the more strikingly beneficial of its aspects.

Almost as an aiticlimax comes the recent Dutch discovery that the humble liquorice contains a substance which has similar adverse effects as high dosage Cortisone and deoxycortone, its near relative steroid.

Liquorice in its day was held in high regard. In the ancient civilisations of China and Greece, it was looked upon as a wonder-drug, and called the elixir of life.

With the advent of modern medicine its glory departed. But just after the last war it found a new role in Holland, where it was used as a cure for gastric ulcer.

People who ate liquorice in sufficient quantity before each meal found their ulcers gave no further trouble. All went well until certain patients started to develop dropsy.

It was then found to have the same unpleasant property as deoxycortone—namely, to produce dropsy by causing a retention within the body of water and sodium, which, in elderly patients, or those whose hearts were not up to scratch, developed into a congestive heart failure.

There is no need to worry about the child with sixpence to spend in the lolly shop. Only the continued taking of liquorice in fairly large quantities is likely to set up a dropsy.

So, pray for Cortisone, if you wish. Its blessings may be manifold. But lay off the liquorice!

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This luxury Home Beauty Treatment makes your skin look really lovely...

EVERYTHING you hear enthusiastic users say about this wonder-working new idea is true! Your skin does take on a naturally soft, smooth look. Signs of roughness, coarseness or patchiness do disappear. Your skin not only *looks* younger, it *feels* toned up and refreshed.

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Skin Deep nourishes the deep under-skin; it carries deep into the skin the vital elements needed to keep it in perfect condition. Thousands of women in England and Australia already use *Skin Deep* regularly. You can get it at any Chemist or Department Store, 5/9 for a large treatment-size jar.

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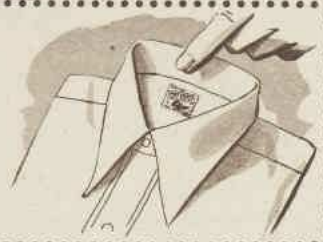
No guesswork for me!

I compared shirts for Quality, Style and Value, and Potter's Anti-shrink Shirts* won all along the line!

Step out with that well-dressed look, in a good shirt with a well-fitting collar. Potter's Anti-shrink Shirts always make you look right—*feel* full of confidence.



These shirts are made from Potter's Anti-shrink fabrics, so you know that nothing can shrink them or fade them. They just wear and wear!

Potter's Anti-shrink Shirts are "your full money's worth." They are *right* in price, *right* in style, *right* for wear, and made by Pelaco, too.

Potter's Anti-shrink Shirts do a good job in helping to keep wives sweet-tempered. They're easy to wash and iron, and *always* come up looking new.

POTTER'S ANTI-SHRINK SHIRTS

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

MOZART: *18th century master*

When Mozart was five, Marie Antoinette picked him up after he slipped on the parquet floor of a Vienna palace, and he promised to marry her when he grew up. Thirty years later, not one friend braved a storm to follow his body to its pauper's grave.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART at 21. His family described this portrait as "completely life-like."

FAMOUS MUSICIANS

NO one has since discovered where Mozart was buried.

He was christened Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart when he was born at Salzburg on January 27, 1756, the only son of Leopold Mozart, a musician. Like all musicians in that era, Leopold was a semi-menial in the household of an aristocratic patron, the Archbishop of Salzburg.

Wolfgang inherited his mother's goodness of heart. His liveliness foreshadowed his manhood hobbies of dancing and billiards.

Musically he was a prodigy. Aged four he was writing music, dipping his pen each time to the bottom of the inkwell so that every time he put it to the manuscript a blot fell, which he smudged off impatiently with his fist and went on writing.

His only sister, Anna Maria, was also a talented musician. When she was ten and he five, their father took them on a series of concert tours in Europe.

The little boy in the brocaded suits, stockings, and powdered hair was petted by the Courts of Europe. Emperor Francis I of Austria sat beside him while he played, and called him his "little magician." Empress Maria Theresa dandled him on her comfortable lap. Madame Pompadour kissed him. He accompanied the Queen of England in a song.

Back in Salzburg, the Archbishop gave him an honorary appointment as chapel master. A few years later, when he was 13, his indefatigable father took him off to Italy to complete his musician's education.

With the production at Milan of his opera "Mithradates, King of Pontus," after a nerve-racking struggle with hostile intrigues, he proved himself at 14 the equal of any contemporary Italian composer.

It was the last unqualified triumph of his life.

Returning to Salzburg, Mozart wrote much music, but shortly afterwards the old Archbishop died, and his successor gave musicians short shrift.

In 1777, when Mozart asked for leave of absence for a concert tour, the Archbishop curtly disapproved "that system of begging." Wolfgang thereupon resigned and went off with his mother on tour to Bavaria, and later to Paris.

The venture was disastrous in every way. At 21, no longer the infant prodigy, but a short, rather plain young man, Mozart could make little impression in Court circles against established, more glamorous music-makers.

He fell headlong in love—to his father's dismay—with his cousin Aloysia Weber, a theatre-prompter's daughter, who jilted him. Then in Paris, his beloved mother died.

He returned to Salzburg and wrung out of the Archbishop a paid job as concertmaster.

However, when the cleric took Mozart to Vienna, there was a quarrel, in which His Grace's expressive oaths astonished the composer. Mozart threw in his job, angrily determined to be independent.

It was not so easy in those days. Subscription concerts, for which Mozart wrote most of his piano concertos, depended for success on the uncertain patronage of the aristocracy. Lack of copyright law meant that his music was pirated.

Lesser men showed their resentment of his genius by balking him of lucrative appointments to some church or choir. He loathed the drudgery of teaching, but even paying pupils were sometimes hard to get.

There were occasional modest successes, for instance, "The Elopement from the Seraglio," commissioned by the Emperor.

"A tremendous number of notes, my dear Mozart," demurred the Emperor at first. "Exactly as many, Your Majesty, as are necessary," was the dry reply.

The Emperor did not take offence, as did many of Mozart's colleagues at his sharp retorts.

For instance, when the fashionable composer-pianist Kozeluch criticised a new quartet of Haydn's with: "I should never have done it that way!" Mozart replied: "Nor should I. But only because neither you nor I would ever have had such a good idea." Kozeluch became a lifelong enemy.

In August, 1782, Wolfgang appalled his father by marrying Constanze Weber, younger sister of his first love. She was neither beautiful nor a good manager, and Mozart was not passionately in love. They were always poor, and four of their six children died in infancy.

Yet the marriage was happy. The picture of the young couple, as their astonished landlord found them one bitterly cold day, dancing up and down their apartment to keep warm is typical of their comradeliness in a poverty so pressing they could not always afford firewood.

Meanwhile the good reception given in Prague to "The Marriage of Figaro" led to a commission to write "Don Giovanni." By October 28, 1787, it was ready for performance next day, except for the overture, which Mozart had finished in his head but had not put on paper.

According to habit, Mozart composed entirely in his head, away from any musical instrument, and he usually completed the whole of a work from first to last before writing it down—sometimes weeks later—from memory.

Often, he would sit abstractedly at meals busy on a symphony while folding and refolding his serviette, corner to corner.

One October night he wrote down the "Don Giovanni" overture, the most elaborate he had written, for first performance the following day, tossing off sheet after sheet to the copyists, while his wife kept him awake with pots of coffee, fairy tales, and jokes.

The following year, while he was working on "The Magic Flute," a black-garbed stranger called requesting Mozart to compose a Requiem and offering to pay for it in advance. His behaviour was so mysterious that Mozart, already ill, came to take him for a supernatural messenger of his own death.

Mozart put his greatest music in the Requiem. But persistent ill-luck, hard work, debt, his wife's sickness, and the terrifying aloneness of genius had induced nervous prostration. He became convinced he was writing his own requiem.

At the end of November, 1791, he dropped in at his favorite inn, The Silver Snakes, and ordered a drink, but merely sat head in hand without drinking. A day or two later he succumbed to typhoid.

On December 4 he had the score of his Requiem brought to his bed and went through it with three friends who took soprano, tenor, and bass. When they reached the "Lacrimosa," he burst into tears and put the music aside.

He lost consciousness during the evening, but was still occupied with music, possibly with the Requiem, for he kept blowing out his cheeks as if imitating trumpets.

About midnight he sat up, opened his eyes, then turned his face to the wall and died. His wife collapsed with grief and was unable to attend his funeral.

The mysterious "emissary of death" turned out to be a servant of Count von Walsegg, who had wanted to put forward Mozart's Requiem as his own work.

. . . First story of a new series

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS

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HAZEL

"Boy, are we on a sucker list!"

BUTCH

"Sergeant McHugh, our handwriting expert, would like you to write 'Guess who?' on this little card."

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

PEOPLE were deeply shocked by the horrifying story of the eruption of Mt. Lamington in New Guinea, the terrible toll of life, the complete devastation which covered an area 50 times greater than that of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima.

Since the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima tremendous "advances" have been made in atomic bombs. The projected hydrogen bomb, it is anticipated, may devastate an area just as efficently as an erupting volcano.

It seems a pity that science, having discovered how to emulate and outshine nature's destructiveness, hadn't instead turned its mind to delousing volcanoes. But such thoughts to-day come from voices crying in the wilderness.

Meanwhile quite a surprising number of people incessantly suggest that the bombs be dropped in all the troublesome places. Accounts of violent death and desolation apparently leave their imaginations untouched.

* * *

YALE UNIVERSITY has a third-floor swimming pool. What a lead that could give to flat designs!

A swimming pool in a flat living-room would be quite a novelty. Better still, to save space, the pool could serve as a sunken bath. Late sleepers could roll straight out of bed into the bath. After a long experience of small flats it surprises me that no one has thought of this further condensation of living space.

* * *

SKIRTS are climbing gradually, and by next summer, so it's forecast, they'll barely cover the knees.

The shortening and straightening of skirts is supposed to be because of the high price of wool. It is gloomy to reflect that dress usually gets skimpier in wartime. Let's hope it's not an omen.

On the practical side, far-seeing females, remembering the disastrous plunge of hemlines in the summer of 1946, will insist on good, deep hems once their skirts reach the 17-inch level. They won't risk being caught twice with a wardrobe full of un-let-downable hems.

* * *

STILL talking of dress, Isaac Pitman, British Conservative M.P., recently blamed women for the fuel shortage because their clothes weren't warm enough.

In Queen Victoria's day, he said, women wore flannel petticoats to their ankles and consequently didn't need so much coal to keep them warm.

But there was another big factor in those halcyon days which kept the fuel consumption down. People weren't so particular about bathing. They hadn't developed the modern passion for hygiene, and a small can of hot water seemed to be all that people asked, except on Saturday night.

Now hot water, undreamed of 50 years ago, flows through the household taps, and doubtless Mr. Pitman along with everyone else takes his couple of hot showers a day.

It is possible, of course, that it was the advance in heating methods which led to the fashion for frequent bathing, rather than the other way round, but that thought makes the problem too involved altogether.

"THE Ladies, God bless 'em," is a toast evidently not favored round shearing sheds.

The general secretary of the Australian Workers' Union, Mr. Tom Dougherty, made this clear when talking of women as shearers' cooks at the union's annual convention.

Women, he said, were a poisonous and dangerous influence in the industry.

I have no doubt that this was extremely offensive to lady shearers' cooks — or should it be shearers' lady cooks?

But it gave a certain amount of satisfaction to the great tribe of female workers in other occupations who, a little bored with their acceptance as equals, are pleased to think that the sex is still considered a menace somewhere.

Mr. Dougherty's list of complaints against women cooks was formidable. He spoke of boiling water being thrown over men, of women becoming "behind-the-scenes bosses," of mates falling out, and even said that a man couldn't go near the kitchen without being suspected of an ulterior motive.

Most women suspect cynically that when a man hangs round the kitchen he's looking for something to eat. But of course, the way to a man's heart . . .

* * *

THE United States Government has banned imports of Russian crabmeat on the grounds that it is produced by "forced, convict, and indentured labor."

This rather belated attack of conscience on the way the world's goods are produced would be more impressive if it were not so isolated. For years goods in many Eastern countries have been produced by labor which, if not actually enslaved, worked on a wage so near starvation level that the difference wasn't great. Few people worried greatly about this unless the competition interfered with local markets.

American crabmeat canners have protested for some time that they couldn't compete with the prices of the Soviet imports.

To set up a trade barrier on these grounds is legitimate enough, but it rings a little hollow when ascribed to humanitarian impulse.

* * *

THE U.S. Secretary for Air said in Washington that in these abnormal times nobody knew how big the U.S. Air Force would have to be. "I do not know if we will ever see normal times again," he said.

Oh, when can we hope for normal times, shall we ever see them again?
They belong, alas, to the good old days beyond our modern ken,
Forever enshrined in the long-dead past, enwrapped in a rosy glow,
When really the world was as mad as now but we were too young to know.
For that is the truth of normal times, they never exist at all,
If it's not a war or a boom or bust, the writing's on the wall,
And there's no more chance of encountering in life's allotted span
A spell of what we call normal times than of meeting the "average man."

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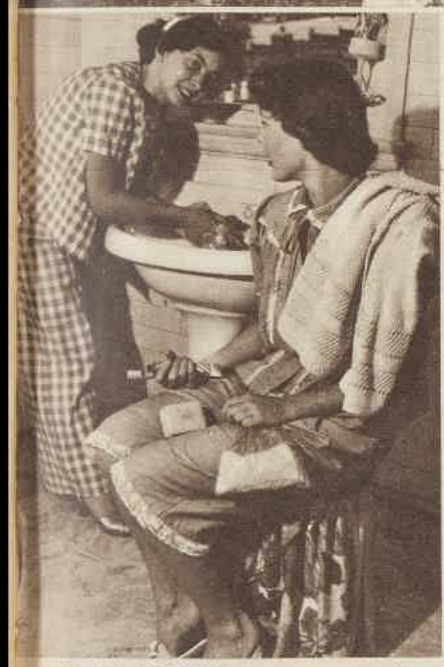
Welcome Guest

● *Staying with friends can be the greatest fun in the world. But the guest as well as the hostess has her obligations. If you want to be a welcome guest, it's up to you to prove yourself a pleasant, easy person to have staying in the house. Here are five ways you might go about doing it.*

ONE OF THE FAMILY. No one is so grand these days that they won't welcome a guest offering to look after own room during her stay. Always do your share.



BEING AT HOME doesn't mean making free with the household's toothpaste. Take your own and don't leave it about.

DON'T BE MYSTERIOUS about letters or telephone calls. Pass on any pieces of information that may be of interest to the family you're staying with.

INVITATIONS can be a tricky problem. Before accepting, safest course is to consult hostess, who may have something planned.

HOSPITALITY can be repaid in small way by thoughtful gifts of flowers to hostess, followed by letter of thanks written when you've returned home.

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These 3 smart usherettes say

Glamour begins with a *Crest* HOME PERMANENT

Interviewed in the foyer of St. James Theatre, Sydney, these attractive usherettes were excited about Crest . . .

MISS PEGGY LIMB: "Well-groomed hair is a must in my job. That's why I'm so thrilled with my lovely Crest wave — it's so soft and easy to manage."

MISS DAWN HARDER: "I never imagined it would be so easy to perm my own hair. My wave looks wonderful right from the start — there's none of that 'just permed' look with a Crest."

MISS LORRAINE HARDACRE: "I like to have end curls which I can set in all the latest hair styles — so the Crest Junior Kit is just right for me. Just right for my budget, too, incidentally!"

You, too, can have soft, natural-looking waves with Crest!

Your Crest Home Permanent looks enchanting from the very first day . . . no frizz, no delay in "settling down", just deep, soft, natural-looking waves and curls. Of course, if you've already had a home permanent, and own a set of curlers, all you need for a future full head perm is a Crest Refill (Price 11/6).

For permanently waving End Curls . . . **THE NEW CREST JUNIOR KIT!** If you've hesitated to try a home permanent, here's your chance for only 8/3! The Crest Junior Kit is complete with everything you need to give yourself lovely, lasting end curls — just right for the new short styles.

EXPERT ADVICE—FREE! If there is anything you would like to know about waving your hair, write to Anne Travers, Crest Advisory Bureau, Box 4100, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Dentures are *more easily* kept clean than natural teeth — the Kemdex way. They come from their bath irreproachably fresh and clean, and never require brushing. With Kemdex, dentures are a well-kept secret. *2/- Small. 3/3 Large. From all Chemists.*

KEEP YOUR DENTURES **KEMDEX** CLEAN

Worth Reporting

ANNUAL BEAUTY CONTEST

"Tuckerby is best at judging horses."

WHEN pretty 22-year-old Nurse Barbara Stanley completed her training at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, she represented a connection with the hospital which has lasted for three generations on both sides of her family.

Her grandfather, a minister of religion and medical practitioner, Dr. David Rutledge, was No. 1 medical student at R.P.A., entering the hospital on August 18, 1884.

He was her mother's father.

Her father's father, Dr. George Percival Stanley, was student No. 51 in 1887 and a resident doctor in 1891. Her father, Dr. Percival Hubert Stanley, was a resident and student there in 1921, and his brother Gordon was a student in 1928.

And wait a minute—we haven't finished. Her grandmother was Sister Amy Iris Wood at R.P.A. in 1893, her mother was Sister Marjorie Rutledge in 1919, and her aunt Sister Roslyn Stanley in 1924. And now we come down to Barbara, who graduated recently and will do her obstetrics training at King George V Hospital, attached to R.P.A.

Her grandfather Rutledge's home in Crown Street was converted into the Women's Hospital when he left it.

Her only brother, John, who is 25, has joined the Navy.

Feather in our hat

WE are glad to know that a hat drawn by Rene and used as a cover for our January 14 issue last year will be the spring model worn by Mrs. Vera Ackland, M.B.E., of Boundstone Lodge, Farnham, Surrey, England.

Mrs. Ackland wrote asking for a copy of the cover to hand to her milliner. The hat is a delightful affair of black tulle adorned with tulip blooms and leaves showing through the transparent brim.

Mrs. Ackland always passes the paper on to friends, and has lost track of this issue.

She tells us, too: "The King is sending my son, Brigadier Sir Norman Gwatkin, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., to Australia next September-October to make all the arrangements for the Royal tour.

"I hope you may meet him when he comes to Sydney. I am telling him I am writing to you about the hat, and he will not forget."

Actor-playwright stars with wife

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent. of plays submitted to London theatrical managers are impossible to produce, claims Leslie Sands, young English actor-playwright, who is visiting Australia with his actress bride, Pauline Williams.

He finds that being an actor is of value to him when he is writing plays.

The Sands' have come to play leading roles in the drama festival which began this month at the National Theatre, Melbourne.

Plays they will appear in include "The Glass Menagerie," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Mr. Gillie."

Leslie Sands left London just after hearing that Gloria Swanson would play the lead in the film of his new play, "The Deadlock," to be called "Another Man's Poison."

"Deadlock" is Leslie's fourth play to be produced in England. At present he is waiting for a West End theatre. The Sands' hope to play the leading roles themselves.

Pauline spent 18 months with the Old. Vic. Company during the war. Leslie joined the company after he had been demobbed from the R.A.F.

Miss Olholm knows her guns

GUN expert Miss Calma Olholm handles firearms with the familiarity of most women for pots and pans.

For more than 20 years this slim, blue-eyed woman with the gentle smile and curly hair, now grey, has been assistant to Mr. H. G. James, widely known Melbourne gunsmith.

Miss Olholm is also an expert shot. She obligingly demonstrated her prowess for us in the rifle range set up in Mr. James' workshop and hit the bull's eye three times in succession.

She can identify between four and five hundred types of rifles and shotguns at a glance, and can dismantle a weapon and spot its peculiarities in a matter of seconds.

Clay-bird shooting is her recreation. She owns a light 20-gauge gun.

Sportsmen pay big prices for a good gun—anything up to £500. Lowest-priced gun in the shop is a single-barrelled shotgun at £19/10/-.

A streamlined beauty made in England for Mr. James cost £670.

My favorite poem

Here is the first verse from the favorite poem of Dorothea Dowling, of Vaucluse, N.S.W. Send us your favorite lines, either a complete short poem, or an excerpt.

There were ten little Steps and Stairs,
Round through the old bush home all day
Romping about in the old bush way.
They were ten little wild March hares,
Storming the kitchen in hungry lines,
With their naked feet doing mud designs
"All over the place like punkin vines"
There were ten little Steps and Stairs.

—From "Ten Little Steps and Stairs," by John O'Brien.

'DUREX' TAPE

TRANSPARENT AS GLASS — SEALS AT A TOUCH WITHOUT MOISTENING

Cover a broken fingernail with "DUREX" Tape. Trim to shape, then cover with nail polish and you can't tell it's broken.

Cork lost? When you lose a cork from a salt shaker — seal the bottom with a piece of "DUREX" Tape.

Handy Plaid Dispenser with
300 ins. ¾ in. TAPE. 2/6
150 ins. ½ in. TAPE. 1/3
PLASTIC HAND DISPENSER, only 3/-. Tape extra.
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FRECKLES

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as **Kintho** — *double strength*—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers, simply get an ounce of **Kintho** from any chemist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.
Be sure to ask for the *double-strength* **Kintho**, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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MODEL HAT PARADE. Mrs. Len Plasto (left) and Mrs. Dick Opie admire Henriette Lamotte's winter parade of hats. French mannequin Elayne Evrarv models a hat by Maud Roser.

CONGRATULATIONS. Reading congratulatory telegrams at reception at Carlton Hotel are Alf Paton, of Perth, and his bride, formerly Anne Fitz-Gerald, only daughter of Mrs. J. R. Fitz-Gerald, of Double Bay. Alf is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Paton, of Perth.

ENGAGED. Noreen Moore announces her engagement to Tony Pye, of "Calga West," Coonamble. Noted horsewoman, Noreen is daughter of Mrs. Rita Moore, Coogee. Tony is son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pye, Darling Point.

Social Gettings

HAPPY COUPLE. Mac Knight and his bride, formerly Deirdre Rayment, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Rayment, of "Coo-i-noo," Ardlethan, leave All Saints', Woollahra. Mac is only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Knight, of Wallaroobie.

TOP-FLIGHT honors graduate Eleanor Shiels was disappointed when her fiance, Ted Dawson, could not get back from England in time to see her receive her degree in medicine at Sydney University.

The Great Hall was filled with proud parents and friends when 216, including 23 women, received degrees.

Ted, who is navigation officer with Qantas, was on one of the four three-weekly trips to England he does each year and could not make it until this week-end.

Winning the Dagmar Berne Prize for proficiency among women candidates, Eleanor was upholding family tradition, as her father, Mr. N. L. Shiels, is graduate in engineering from Melbourne University, and her mother is a Master of Science. A cousin, Dr. D. O. Shiels, is director of Industrial Hygiene in Victoria, and an uncle, Dr. A. J. Collins, is member of the University Senate. Eleanor is a resident at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

• • •

BRIDE-TO-BE Betty Rowlands laments that her attendants at her wedding to Peter Wrigley on February 23 have all been abroad and she has never left Australia! 'Maids are Jocelyn Simpson, of Hay; Marjorie Robertson; and Jill Pratten, who were all in England or on the Continent last year. They will wear frocks of palest blue chiffon for the wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, and Betty has chosen stiff ivory damask brocade. Peter is the son of Mrs. Zara Wrigley, of Vaucluse, and the late Captain Eric Wrigley, and Betty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rowlands, of "Hilton," Mandurama.

GRADUATION. Physiotherapy student Judith Forsyth congratulates Dr. David Cropley after he received his degree in medicine at Sydney University. Dr. Cropley is at Sydney Hospital.

GIRL GUIDE LEADER. English visitor Lady Charlotte Cooper, who was formerly Overseas Commissioner at Girl Guide Headquarters, London, with Sir James Bissett at tea party in her honor given by N.S.W. Girl Guides' Association at Mark Foy's.

SKI-ING holiday in Europe for two Wagga lasses Val Kendall and Prue Bullivant began in earnest this month when they arrived at the snowfields of Austria and Switzerland.

After the trip in the Stratheden they saw something of England first and will continue with their sight-seeing when the winter sports are over. It is the first visit for Val, who went to New Zealand last year as a reserve with the Empire Games team, but Prue is reviving memories of earlier visits.

Val's brother Alan Kendall is travelling to England in the Orontes, and another Riverina grazier, Dudley Ross, of Holbrook, also in the Orontes, hopes to arrive in time for some ski-ing.

Serious purpose of Dudley's trip is to inspect stud sheep and cattle in Great Britain.

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LOVELY wedding gown of white slipper satin, pearl-encrusted finger-tip veil, and coronet of pearls were worn by Nora Duffy for her marriage at St. Christopher's, Canberra, with Paul Alpen.

Nora, who is attached to staff of Indonesian Embassy, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Duffy, of Hobart. Paul is the only son of Mrs. Alpen, of Neutral Bay, and the late Mr. S. Alpen. He is an economist in the Prime Minister's Department. Mrs. Ross Silbee, of Hobart, was matron of honor and Diane Lee, of Canberra, was bridesmaid. Nora's parents flew from Hobart for ceremony, and received guests at reception at Canberra Hotel. Guests included the Indonesian Ambassador, Dr. Oetovo, and Mrs. Oetovo.

FRIENDS of the bride from school days at Meriden and fellow University students of the bridegroom were among the 85 guests at the wedding of Winsome Kline and Ian Cathels at the Presbyterian Church, Strathfield. Winsome is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Kline, of Strathfield, and Ian, who has his degree in Science and is now doing Economics, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cathels, of Ashfield.

• • •

FAMILY plans occupy Mrs. Jock Mason. Her son John enrols at the University this year, and her second son Anthony starts as a jackaroo on Les Hill's property, "Terlings," Moree. Daughters Cynthia and Diana are back at Frensham.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Lovely frock of pleated champagne silk was worn by Mrs. Philip Schneider when she left for motoring honeymoon to Victoria after marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point . . . Bride was Ena Holcombe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Holcombe, of "Millie," Burren Junction, and her husband, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Schneider, of "Ashantee," Walgett . . . Newlywed Russ Geoffrey and his bride, formerly Lois Gollan, of Gollansville, via Wellington, will live at Chatswood after honeymooning at Bowral.

Anne

LEAVING ST. MARY'S. John Sangster, of "Angledool," Goodooga, and his bride, formerly Bobbie O'Keefe, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. O'Keefe, of "Kookaburra," Goodooga.

FASHION PARADE. Sisters-in-law Mrs. David Pratten (left) and Mrs. Eric Pratten at Germaine Rocher's fashion parade. The coat by Jacques Griffe is of emerald-green wool, with bracelets and buttons of black.

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Youthful but Sophisticated

● Jeanne Lafaurie's natural shantung jumper suit features "air-conditioned" cap sleeves and horizontal hand faggoting.

THERE are still many sizzling summer days ahead when the occasion calls for something a little more dressed up than the everyday cotton.

These frocks are light and young in mood, and should Easter turn out to be warm they will be ideal for most occasions, including those that call for sophisticated dressing.

They are up to the minute in design and will be a welcome sight in your wardrobe next year to start the season.

● Pleating and stitching detail Nettie Rosenstein's bright red cotton designed for informal summer wear.

● Pine-green mousseline de soie is used by Jacques Griffe for his frock featuring a new version of the harem skirt. The deeply plunging collar and revers are in frosty-white pique.

● Jacques Griffe presents a white shantung frock with unusual pleating in the skirt, and cool slit armholes. A dramatic bow of emerald-green hand-rolled mousseline outlines the waist.

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ME6WW2. — Cool, comfortable frock of **British Floral Cotton** in a range of colourful designs on White and Coloured grounds. Double-breasted effect on bodice and white collar. Gored skirt and self belt. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price **29/-**

ME7WW2.—Matron's frock of **British Rayon Crepe.** Shirred on shoulder line with tucked vest effect and neat collar. Gored skirt with self belt. Shades: Bamboo Shoot (Green), Tan, Black, Navy. Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS. Price **59/11**

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London's Easter Bonnets

Designed by Madame Vernier
Milliner to the Duchess of Ken

WHEN I called to see Madame Vernier's superb collection of spring hats at her salon in George Street, London, I found the place buzzing with excitement.

The Duchess of Kent had just arrived unexpectedly and had selected several models in a 20-minute visit.

From a milliner's point of view, the Duchess has one very good fashion habit — she chooses her hats before she buys her clothes.

Last season the Duchess had three dresses designed for one hat before she felt happy about the finished ensemble.

Madame also told me the Duchess usually made fashion decisions quickly. Although her own taste is exquisite, she is always ready to take advice. When she really takes a fancy to a hat she often orders it in three or four colors.

When I saw Mme Vernier she had just returned from Paris. She was surrounded by newly finished and nearly finished hats for her spring collection, which will consist of 60 models.

The new coral pink we both thought superb as a whole or as an accent. White will be worn, a light cafe-au-lait, red steel, grey pheasant tones, and pale apricot shades.

Madame has interesting news about panama. It is now conditioned to retain its chalk-white color. It cannot sunburn. New combinations in straw include mixtures of straw and cellophane, and straw and horsehair. The results are light weaves with enchanting lace effects.

My final query to Madame Vernier was about her workrooms. I was interested to learn if Madame's models were executed by English or European hands, and I discovered that they were made by Englishwomen. Madame told me an ambitious English girl who came to her direct from a trade school could reach the top of the tree in the millinery profession in four or five years.

Betty Keep

GOLDEN COQ FEATHERS make this "Swan Lake" cocktail toque, topped with wings and a tiny bird's head, at left. It is ideal for dining in town or the theatre.

AN enchanting late afternoon hat made of white petals with fairy-like dewdrops of crystal beads glistening on the tips, above. It can be worn with black or a color.

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A CLASSIC white panama, above, swathed in the new season's coral - and - white - flecked chiffon, is trimmed with a quill shooting up from fruit blossom.

TINY DIAMOND trim apricot straw with a small wavy brim, below. The square crown has rich black velvet threaded through it which ends in a big soft bow.

ESSENCE OF SPRING is this small straw green beret, above, banded in velvet and softly trimmed with pale pink roses and violets.

DIAPHANOUS BLACK TULLE and matching ostrich feathers are combined for the glamor model made for Ascot wear, below.

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THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

BARBARA insists that everyone call her Bobby. Only under the most pressing circumstances will she wear dresses. Blue jeans and a boy's shirt are her choice. But Bobby is only eight years of age. The Redmans—Bobby's parents—aren't worried about her. Indeed, they are rather proud that all the boys in the neighborhood accept her as one of them.

Jo Anne is always called Jo. She, too, likes boys' clothes and wears them whenever she can. She is a good athlete and swings along with a mannish stride. Jo Anne is nearly 17, and her parents are disturbed about her boyishness.

What about this tomboy business? Like so many other things, there is no clear-cut answer. Many a young girl has found boys' activities much more interesting than those of girls, or boys' clothes better suited to the things she likes to do. Perhaps in most instances there is no deep underlying problem. It is just a phase of growth.

But parents do need to ask themselves whether without meaning to they may be encouraging their girls to strive to be boys. Perhaps they show more interest in boys. Sometimes parents have so wanted a boy that they have influenced a daughter in trying to make her take the place of a son.

As girls move into their teens, normally they want to be more feminine. It is then that continued tomboyishness is something about which parents should be concerned, and guard against.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Roger Stolper was a "mamma's boy," according to his worried father.

He scarcely would let his mother out of his sight. Even his father was a very poor second choice. And he would have nothing to do with Mrs. Cronin, the very friendly next-door neighbor. Most of his time was spent actually holding on to mother's skirts or playing very close to where she was working.

At first Mrs. Stolper made light of the whole business. She assured her husband that Roger would outgrow such behaviour. But as the months went on and he showed no change, she, too, began to worry.

Finally, the Stolpers went to see an old friend who had raised five children very successfully. She was sympathetic and suggested that first they try to figure out why Roger clung so much. As they talked Mrs. Stolper realised that she really liked the clinging more than she had thought. As she reflected, she decided she had actually encouraged it.

Together the Stolpers mapped out a little apron-string-loosening campaign. Dad was to come in on story hour at night, help put Roger to bed, and do a few other things that Mrs. Stolper had always done herself. And they decided, too, that they would enlist Mrs. Cronin's willing co-operation. More visits back and forth between the two houses would be arranged. Interesting things with which to play would be on hand at the Cronins', and every now and again they would try leaving Roger with her or having her at their place.

"A perfect little lady."

AT least an inch was added to the chest measurements of the Oglethorpes every time they heard mention of their daughter Ann as "a perfect little lady." From her earliest years they had kept her neat, prim, and proper.

The rest of the kids became exasperated and were continually saying, "Oh, Ann! She's one of those perfect little ladies."

The comments did not bother Ann's parents, but they bothered her. She knew that she was not liked, and she began even to dislike herself.

In the old days, many parents were obsessed with the idea of making little ladies and gentlemen out of their children. Gradually they began to realise that youngsters were more natural and happy if they refrained from emphasising the "grown-up" approach.

Trying to live up to the part of being a perfect little lady is also likely to bring about anxiety and fear of parents' disapproval if they fail. In the early years it's best to let them be natural and carefree children.

[All names in this feature are fictitious.]

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day.
I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

Ford Pills contain no poisons or dangerous drugs. | Ford Pills are safe for children and the most delicate patients.

Give Ford Pills this way:

Children, 10 months to 2 years:
Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

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Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:
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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are working on the case of a jewel-thief,
THE BLUE BANDIT: When Narda is captured by the bandit, who threatens to kill her, Mandrake agrees to work for him. He is sent to a fancy-dress party, where guests are all rich, with orders to spray lights on a Christmas tree with vapor which gives off sleeping-gas. Wearing a mask and making himself invisible, Mandrake does this. NOW READ ON:

LIFT THAT SOAP VEIL

No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils — leaves your hair *clean*, full of sheen.

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Give your hair this exciting new beauty treatment . . .

Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO
TRADE MARK

The first time you use this exciting new shampoo you'll see your hair gleam with a new silken sheen . . . glisten with thrilling new highlights.

New "Wonder Foam" Lather!

"Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo's active "Wonder Foam" lather is a new *kind* of lather . . . one which penetrates so thoroughly, so gently . . . cleaning away all dirt and dandruff as it beautifies your hair. And the "Wonder Foam" is particularly good for getting rid of salt water from your hair — try it after your next swim.

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Your hair sets easier, feels softer and "springier", while curls simply last and last! You'll find too, that "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out completely — even in the hardest water. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed. Perfect for normal, oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair.

Try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo now — right away. Once you do, you'll never use any other method . . . or want any other shampoo.

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Men thought in 1851 . . . that the last battle had been won!

A hundred years ago, our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers believed that they were entering an age of endless peace and prosperity. They gazed spellbound at the marvels of the Great Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, where the products of British industry drew visitors from every country in the world.

Today, we in Australia enjoy a civilisation enriched by a further century of progress. We have good reason to be proud of our wonderful country where prosperity and happiness go hand-in-hand: where freedom is the birthright of every citizen.

But sinister forces are actively plotting to rob us of the freedom and prosperity we cherish. So threatening has the menace of ruthless Communist aggression become that it is now virtually urgent that our Defence Forces be strengthened at once. There is a place for every fit man of military age in the Navy, the Army or the Air Force. The Citizen Military Forces need many thousands of loyal Australian men who are willing to give part of their time for military training.

Freedom for our way of life is the responsibility of all of us—wives and mothers equally. Never in the past has Australia's womanhood failed to meet its obligations in a time of national peril. This time will be no exception — give enthusiastic support to your men in their urgent, immediate task of making Australia strong—safe for *all* of us.

What we do now will determine the fate and future of Australia!

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Korean Patrol

Continued from page 5

THE voice radio squawked: "Five-zero-polliwog-zero-six-zero!"

The fighter zoomed over the bridge so close it made my hair curl, and streaked off to starboard to indicate the direction we should be going, screaming: "Five-zero-polliwog-zero-six-zero." It was apparent to him that Helleri was headed in the wrong direction.

Well, I couldn't reassure the zoomies by telling them I had to outflank that mine field. The lifeguard communication code was arranged for just one situation, and there wasn't any way to mention mines except plain language.

We had to assume that the North Koreans were listening in on our conversation, and we didn't want to compromise our knowledge of the mine field. I could appreciate how that fighter pilot felt, but I couldn't help but be exasperated with him, too.

"Willco! Willco! Willco!" I answered testily.

The fighter finally gave up in despair and streaked off after the bombers. He wouldn't have much more than enough fuel left to reach his base. I suppose the pilot was cursing the stupid submariners who spent weeks at sea waiting for something to happen and then dashed off in the wrong direction when it did.

So I composed a message to Captain Gifford to tell him my intentions and leave it up to him to inform the air command that I hadn't gone completely crazy.

It was a lucky thing that I did, because we would have been in a pretty pickle the next morning if it hadn't been for the help Captain Gifford sent us. I told him how I expected to get into the East Channel around the mine field, and I knew that after one look at the chart he would appreciate the situation. I told him I would stay in there as long as necessary to find any survivors of the B-29. I requested air cover in the morning.

But I emphatically did not ask him to send another submarine into my area to rescue Helleri survivors if necessary. That was his own idea. We didn't know about that until we intercepted his radio orders to Oarfish later that night. At all times I had complete confidence that we would get in and get out all right.

We didn't change course towards Hakuga To until after dark, because if we were being observed we didn't want to tip our hand ahead of time. The success of our operation might depend on how much surprise we would be able to achieve. After we crossed the ten-fathom bank, the water deepened a little, but there would be rocks and shoals all around us.

"Helleri's going to be a surface ship to-night," Slim Williams said. "We don't dare dive in these shallow, restricted waters."

With radar and the local knowledge we had gained from our previous exploration, we could probably plot our position as well at night as we could in the daytime. But men have been using their eyes a lot longer time than they have electronics. When I can't see where I am going, I guess my imagination runs wild.

Slim had a chart spread out in the control room, plotting his position by radar information. I was on the bridge, futilely trying to see things in the darkness. I could imagine all sorts of hazards.

I wondered if the commies could have a radar station on any of these islands, and if they now were plotting us along our track and chuckling as we got farther into the trap. It seemed reasonable that they would not have enough artillery to spare for shore batteries to guard this most improbable route, but Helleri would be monkey meat for almost anything that could lay a gun on us. We kept going.

We were almost to Senko To when radar reported: "Patrol vessel, bearing three-five-zero," but I knew that radar would have a tough time distinguishing a patrol vessel from the land background and I refused to get excited without some confirmation. It wasn't long in coming.

"Radar interference in the ten-centimetre band."

The North Koreans had some gunboats, we knew, but we didn't know anything about their speed or how well armed they might be. I had no ambition to tangle with them right then and there. That big rock called Gyuto Gan was off the starboard bow, and we had a long way to go before we reached clear water in the East Channel, where we could dive.

Please turn to page 40

INTERESTING PEOPLE

CAPTAIN CHARLES FOX, C.B.E.

. . . six torpedoes

DISTINGUISHED Merchant Service skipper Captain Charles Fox, C.B.E., retired last month from being Commodore of the Orient Line, had a very successful sea-going career. Joined Orient Line in 1919. First command was Orama, and later Orcades II. Was in charge of her when she was sunk off West Coast of Africa in 1942. In spite of six torpedoes being fired by enemy submarine, she was abandoned with minimum loss. Since war commanded Orion and Orcades III, became Commodore of the Line in 1949.

MISS FREDA BAGE

. . . honorary Doctor of Laws

OUTSTANDING woman scholar Miss Freda Bage, of Toowong, Brisbane, will receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws of Queensland University in May. An honors graduate and Master of Science of Melbourne University, she was first principal of Queensland University Women's College, a position which she held for 32 years. Twice delegate to League of Nations, she was first woman to be elected to University Senate in Queensland. She retired last year after serving 27 years.

MR. WILLIAM ORR

Moliere for the miners . . .

WHEN first performance of Moliere's "The Miser" was given at Helensburgh, on the southern mining fields of N.S.W., before going to the Independent Theatre, North Sydney, the producer, William Orr, was on familiar territory. He was stage director for the Old Vic production of the same play, which was presented to the Welsh miners before going to London. Glasgow-born Orr trained at a hometown repertory society . . . had three years in R.A.F. . . . two seasons with Old Vic. Orr hopes to stay here two years.

At last I'm free to look after my little family
—— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you are suffering, this human story will interest you—

"The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment.

"Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful, wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . for the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you are suffering, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and start a course of this famous treatment to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful rheumatic ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids 6'6 and 3'6 Everywhere

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As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): February 14 to 17 can be quite exciting but not very reliable, while February 20 tends to be heavy and hampering. A difficult week to keep matters on an even keel.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Generally adverse aspects during February 15, 16, and 20. Your plans are subject to many interruptions, which makes it difficult to get good results, especially where your ambitions are concerned.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Try to avoid indiscretions, risky ventures, and misunderstandings during the next three days. The week-end proves by far your best time, even though it may be rather quiet in spots.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Do not give way to natural urge for quick action until after February 16. A new cycle of events will then begin for you, when many constructive ideas can be put into operation with success.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Use care in all personal relationships this week. Your aspects are ruled by Neptune and subject to muddles and misunderstandings. The week-end is your best time.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A myriad of tasks seem to crop up this week which could easily tire you out. Fortify yourself with some extra vitamins.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A week to avoid impulse and over-generosity, especially from February 14 to 16. You could easily be disappointed about something that appeared certain. February 19 and 20 are more reliable.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): An active week for affairs of the home, although you may find yourself edgy, irritable, nervy, and unable to concentrate.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A rather active week for the mind, but be careful of things spoken or written from Wednesday to Friday. Not all people are as loyal as you would wish.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A slight boost in your monetary affairs is possible from February 14. However, you will need to move cautiously to gain the full advantage of this week's activity.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Make the most of your present gains, but avoid becoming involved in new projects just yet. February 20 starts a new cycle, which leads towards better things.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Conditions are still very active from February 14 to 16, although there may be some puzzling situations to solve. Avoid all secret matters and be wary of trusting strangers.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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Korean Patrol

Continued from page 37

WE raced him for it. The commie's bearing dropped slowly aft, and we were winning out, but he kept heading right for us. I suppose his suspicions had been definitely aroused.

The radar reported: "Another patrol boat coming down Flying Fish Channel," but I kept going until we were safely by the big rock. The enemy astern of us fired a green signal flare. It was answered by a red one from the Flying Fish contingent.

They were separating the sheep from the goats. The Flying Fish patrol opened up with what looked like three-inch, from the flash. They were off in deflection, but the range was dropping fast, and between the two patrol boats they could box us in against the shoals. It was time to get Helleri out of there.

"Clear the bridge!" I shouted, and the lookouts scrambled down the hatch. "Dive! Dive!" And we got Helleri safely under, but we didn't have too much water over us.

According to the Sailing Directions, there was a tidal current in this channel that sometimes and in some places built up around three knots. It complicated our submerged navigation. We tried to compensate for it and went ahead in what I thought was the right direction at three knots' speed.

The sound operator reported that the patrol boats were pinging for us. We hadn't fooled them much. I had thought that they might be something the North Koreans had sent out to investigate the plane crash, and maybe they were, but they had quickly been diverted to hunting submarines.

We tried to squeeze around the Middle Ground shoals and head up the East Channel, but suddenly we felt a gentle bump against the bottom. We scraped along a little way, and then we were definitely aground. We flooded negative to pin her to the bottom against the tidal current and stayed there. The patrol boats went charging by.

Their sound beams awakened echoes down the channel, like ghosts in some deserted corridor. Helleri crouched against the bottom and tried to make a noise like a big rock. There were plenty of models all around to teach her how. The patrol boats had passed by.

"We will stay right where we are until daybreak," I decided. "We can't do much searching anyway until we have more light."

Right after dawn I cautiously ran up the periscope and had a look around. The coast was clear—that is, it was clear of everything except drying rock and sand bars, and they were plentiful enough.

If we were going to find what we came for, we would have to get up on the surface and look around. I didn't have any illusions that we would be long undisturbed in our search, but we had to be the first to find our friends if we wanted to keep them healthy. We surfaced from right off the bottom, and I headed Helleri up the channel.

"Aircraft, starboard beam!" the lookout shouted, and automatically I yelled, "Clear the bridge!"

Then the voice radio announced, "Polliwog! Polliwog! This is your air cover reporting," and I hesitated long enough to recognise that the plane coming in was a Corsair from the carrier.

Boy, were we glad to see him! Not only could he drive off any enemy plane, we hoped, but he could protect us against surprise by surface craft that might be lurking around these islands.

More important for our mission, he could make a more effective search than we could for the downed airmen. The tidal current might have carried their rubber boat anywhere. They might have landed on any of the smaller islands.

Our fish-eye view gave us only a confusing elevation of all the islands dotted about, but from the air the plane could see everything and quickly cover the whole area. We headed slowly towards Fu To.

It was less than an hour before the Corsair found them. He zoomed over the bridge and went whizzing off ahead, and Helleri followed in his slip stream at her best approximation to flying speed.

"There they are! There they are!" the lookout shouted. "There's the rubber boat!" and we waved back wildly to the huddled group of men who were waving frantically at us.

It didn't take long to get to them, although I bet the last few minutes seemed years to the waiting airmen, after drifting to and fro all night as the tide changed, expecting any minute to be scooped up and taken off to torture by the commies. It was worth every risk we had taken just to see the faces of those men as they paddled frantically towards us.

IT seemed too good to be true, and I guess we all relaxed too soon. I had even left the bridge to go below to examine the charts and try to figure out some way of getting out of there. Clear down in the control room I could hear the engine scream as the plane swooped down upon us.

I guess our Corsair had relaxed, too, congratulating himself on a good job quickly done, and the Yak came in at low altitude from nowhere. As I dashed up to the bridge, I could hear the bullets beating against the conning tower.

I got up to the bridge just soon enough to see the Corsair splash the Yak, but I didn't have much time to gloat about it.

The bridge was a shambles. The enemy plane, burning on the surface of the water, raised a cloud of fire and smoke as a beacon to attract any others right that way. The men from the B-29 were coming aboard.

Fortunately, their boat had been along the starboard side, and the Yak had approached from port. They had been protected by the conning tower, and none of them were hurt.

Helleri people hadn't made out so well. We had six wounded men. We got them below. I turned Helleri around and headed for the open sea. We submerged in the deepest part of the channel. I had been so busy that it wasn't until we were safely down that I learned that Major Noble was one of those rescued.

It was altogether too early for any mutual congratulations. Major Noble was pretty haggard and tired, but he responded well to hot coffee and some breakfast. We had picked up ten men—all that had survived the crash, the major told me.

He also said that this seemed a very appropriate time to get in that submarine indoctrination he has missed out on before, but when I explained the situation to him, he thought it might possibly have been better to pick another location for it.

We had six wounded men that I was anxious to get some place where they could receive proper medical attention. The way we had come in was impractical in the daytime.

After that brush with the patrol boats last night, the commies certainly knew the route we had used. They would be laying for us. We would have a long run that could only be made on the surface if we went up north to Hakuga To, and we would be restricted to a very narrow channel in a running gun fight.

If we waited for the night, we wouldn't greatly improve our situation. The commies had radar too. The longer we hung around in these restricted waters the longer they would have to locate us.

"And there's the wounded men to consider," I concluded. "I am going to run Helleri through that minefield."

The Japs used to lay their moored mines so that their distance apart was about ten times Helleri's beam.

"They only represent a ten per cent. threat," I told him.

"What happens if you strike the mine line at an angle?" Major Noble asked.

"Well, in that case," I admitted, "the factor of safety will be much less, but there are other things to consider, and some of them are in our favor."

RUNNING submerged, we could sometimes locate the mine cases by bouncing a sound beam off them, and although the range of detection was short it might give us sufficient time to manoeuvre to avoid a single mine.

Also if we ran the line below mine-case depth, the mooring cables would probably slip along our hull without catching on to anything to bring the mine down on top of us. On the other hand, there might be several lines of mines.

"What would happen if we encountered ground mines, like those we used to lay around Japan from the air?" the major wanted to know.

"There isn't any use worrying about ground mines," I replied, "because there isn't anything we can do about them anyway, and if we find a ground mine we will probably never live to know about it."

We had about eight miles to go before we came to the place where we thought the mines would be. I decided that the best time to run the gauntlet was just after high-water slack.

Then we would have the greatest depth of water and the mine cases wouldn't be pulled down by the current. We wanted any current to be in our favor.

So we ran up north a little way in order to get a straight run past I To in the deepest part of the channel, and we adjusted Helleri's speed to get there when the tide was right. The waiting was bad. Through the periscope I took a bearing on the islands to fix our position.

When we were all set, I went ahead at three knots' speed, with maybe half a knot of current behind us at the start.

We went deep, as deep as we dared to go and not bump the bottom—a hundred and fifty feet—with only thirty feet of water beneath us. We would be blind, but Helleri had quick ears. Our supersonic probed the path ahead. Major Noble came with me to the conning tower.

Please turn to page 42

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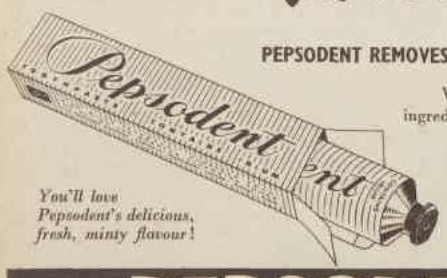

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Korean Patrol

Continued from page 40

SOMEWHERE ahead of us were the mines. Uncomfortably close beneath us was the bottom. If there were any ground mines there, we were so close they couldn't miss.

Between the sandy bottom and the surface, nodding and dipping in the current like daisies in a summer field, the mines were moored on slender cables. They leaned with the current on their thin wire stems and turned and twisted, always presenting their ugly horns like monster stamens.

If any of those horns encountered Helleri's hull, their flowers would bloom in red thunder, bulging up the surface of the water, soothing the ebbing tide with oil, oil from the ruptured tanks of Helleri, a persistent, weeping oil slick to be her only epitaph.

Helleri swam serenely on. At a hundred and fifty feet we would be under any mine cases. With good luck we would slip by without touching anything. If we kept parallel with the current and didn't crab sideways, and nothing caught, a mine cable might ride along the hull, only making the mine dip a little and vibrate like a cork on a small boy's fishline.

"We should get safely by," I reassured the major, "if the commies haven't planted their mines deeper than we think, if there aren't any ground mines, and if a mine cable doesn't catch some place on our hull and pull a mine down on to us."

Sound might give us timely warning, and if we found a mine in time we could avoid it. But there would be little time to manoeuvre, and a radical change of course could cause us to drift down sidewise on a cable. Helleri swam serenely on.

We were almost there, I figured. Sound was cut in on the loud-speaker in the conning tower for all to hear. There wouldn't be any time for chit-chat if sound made contact with a mine. There was a sputter and gurgling noise from sound.

The operator looked up from his apparatus and explained, "A school of fish." Then there was a higher, more persistent note. "That's some kind of rock or the sides of an island."

I realised that I was sweating like the sound operator. The beads of perspiration grew on his brow. Then there came a clear bell-like tone, and there was no mistaking it; the bells of hell, the swinging mine, inverted bells, tolling in derision for Helleri.

"Mine, starboard bow, bearing two-three-zero."

"Left rudder," I ordered. I wanted to ease over and give it room. I didn't dare do anything radical that might throw Helleri's stern right into it.

"Mine, port bow," and it was too late to swing.

The mine line stretched across the bow from starboard to port, and the best we could do was to head right into it and hope to hit it straight.

"Rudder amidships." Barge right through, I thought, and steady as you go. Sound lost contact. The mine would be almost overhead and in Helleri's sound shadow.

I heard a scratching noise. I think my heart stopped beating so I could listen better. The blood pounded in my ears.

From the torpedo room came the report. "Starboard bow. Abreast torpedo room, something in contact with the hull."

Then, in that hushed silence that oppressed us, we could hear it clearly. Rubbing, scratching, scraping—a mine cable sliding down Helleri's side.

It was opposite the wardroom. Stealthy, furtive fingers of death clawing at Helleri's smooth steel plates, trying to find a chink to hold on to. The mine bobbing down towards us, maybe closer each time it nodded. Death bowing decorously to Helleri. I wondered if it would be quick or slow.

"Right hard over rudder. Starboard stop." The time had come for action. The mine was abreast Helleri's natural pivot point. I was surprised that my voice functioned normally.

"Right hard over rudder. Starboard stop," repeated the helmsman imperturbably.

If I had timed it just right, we would swing Helleri's stern away from the mine. It all depended upon my estimate of where the mine was and how long it would take Helleri to answer her helm.

We had to swing the screws clear and stop them on the near side, so they wouldn't suck the mine down to tangle with the rudder. There was a faint scratching noise back aft. It was gone. We were alive.

"Reverse your rudder. Starboard ahead. Come back to your course."

I didn't think I had been quite as cool and collected as the major had been when the blister blew on the B-29 back at Pearl.

It was over. The sound operator leaned against the bulkhead as though all his energy had been drained into his instrument. Suddenly someone vomited across the plotting board, and my own stomach felt as though I had taken a fast ride in an elevator.

We kept plugging down the channel. We came up to periscope depth and I got a fix. We were safely through the mine field.

"If you plan anything else like that," Major Noble remarked, "you can put us back in our rubber boat and we will paddle our own from here on in."

"We only reserve these thrills for visitors," I replied, trying to be as nonchalant as he was.

"Each one to his taste, as you once said," he reminded me, "and I'll go back to bombers, please!" It was all right with me, but I still preferred Helleri to a B-29.

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Romantic TWOSOMES AMONG THE STARS

● *Busy and beautiful screen personalities, who have new partners in their next film appearances, pause here for the cameraman to record on-the-set poses.*

VIRGINIA MAYO and BURT LANCASTER (above) find romance and adventure in the Warner Brothers film "The Flame and the Arrow."

JANE POWELL and RICARDO MONTALBAN (below) are the lovers of M.G.M.'s technicolor musical "Two Weeks With Love."

DORIS DAY and KIRK DOUGLAS (below) have a background of modern music in Warners' "Young Man of Music." Harry James' magnificent trumpeting carries most of the musical portion of the film and Hoagy Carmichael narrates the plot.

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ALAN LADD at home with his wife and daughter after completion of his outdoor role in Paramount's "Branded." Often a Western hero, Ladd first became famous in mysteries, and he returns to that type of role in his next film, "Appointment With Danger."

TALKING OF FILMS

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — Below average

★★ *Kill the Umpire*

SLAPSTICK with all the stops out makes Columbia's "Kill the Umpire" good for some laughs. The plot is no more than an excuse for clowning and one or two situations are over-exaggerated, but it's all in fun.

William Bendix stars as an ex-baseball-player who cannot hold a job because he takes time off to attend baseball games, where he is loud in his protests against umpire decisions. When his father-in-law suggests that he solve his employment problem by becoming an umpire himself he is appalled, but, under pressure from his wife (Una Merkel), he agrees to give umpiring a try.

During his training he realises the worth of his new profession. He is sent to the Texas League and strikes trouble when Texan fans riot over a decision against the home team. Matters are further complicated when he gets involved with a gangster called Panhandle. His method of extricating himself from the situation makes a laughable finale.

All the action centres on Bendix, who works hard at being funny, and succeeds admirably, except for a few flat scenes.

The baseball theme is not fully significant outside America, but the film's romping good humor is universally acceptable.

★ *Pride of Kentucky*

PURPORTING to be a turf saga about famous American racehorse Seabiscuit, Fox's "Pride of Kentucky" will be a great disappointment to race fans. The film gets so involved with fictional embellishment that it fails to do justice to the real and potentially stirring story of Seabiscuit.

The events in his spectacular career are well known to all American race enthusiasts. A tiny horse, he was not successful as a two-year-old, but he eventually became a high stakes winner and record holder. After a breakdown he was retired, but caused a sensation some time later by returning to championship racing.

These facts are recounted in the film, but a contrived romance between Shirley Temple and Lon McCallister overshadows the Seabiscuit theme.

A whole-hearted and often amusing performance by Barry Fitzgerald, as the stubborn Irish trainer who believes in Seabiscuit, is a welcome relief from many banal scenes involving prissy Miss Temple. Also on the credit side are picturesque stud farm sequences and some newsreel shots of the real Seabiscuit in action.

The supporting cast includes charming Rosemary De Camp as the wife of Seabiscuit's owner, and William Cartledge as top American jockey George Woolf.

ELLEN DREW will star with Vincent Price and Orson Welles in "The Mad King," which Price will produce in Germany in a couple of months. The film will depict the life and times of a 19th century Bavarian king.

* * *

STUDIO executives at M.G.M. want to co-star Gene Kelly and Danny Kaye as a dance-comedy team in a gala musical called "Huckleberry Finn." The score and the script are complete, but M.G.M. is holding up production in the hope of casting Kaye, who is due back in Hollywood soon after an eight weeks' season at the London Palladium.

LOUIS CALHERN (right), here visiting Fredric March on an M.G.M. set, was recently acclaimed for his "King Lear" on Broadway.

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1 DARING train robbery, involving the murder of four trainmen, is engineered by Cody Jarrett (James Cagney), thug and homicidal paranoiac with a mother fixation.

2 HIDING in a mountain cabin, Cody has a brainstorm. Ma Jarrett (Margaret Wycherly) nurses him, keeping his illness from the gang. She believes her boy will end "on top of the world."

3 RESENTMENT is shown by Verna (Virginia Mayo), Cody's wife, when, to shake off "T" agents tracking train bandits, Cody goes to give himself up for lesser crime.

4 UNSUSPECTING Cody makes friends in gaol with Vic Pardo (Edmond O'Brien), ostensibly a criminal, but really a Government agent, who reports on his moves to Treasury headquarters.

GANGSTER MELODRAMA

5 FRENZIED by news that Ma has been killed and that Verna has run away with her murderer, Big Ed, Cody breaks gaol. Vic helps, goes with him.

"WHITE HEAT" brings James Cagney in a meaty, dramatic role.

He plays Cody Jarrett, gangleader and braggart, who adores and is adored by his mother.

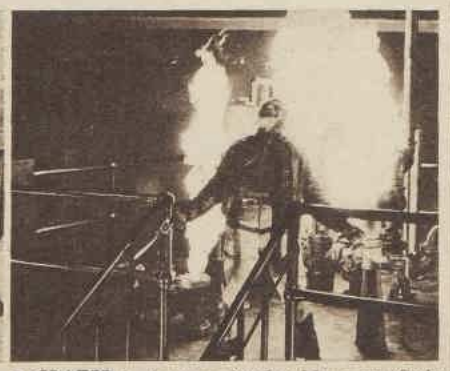
Cagney is strongly supported by a cast that includes Virginia Mayo as his faithless, lying wife; Margaret Wycherly as his mother; Edmond O'Brien as a Treasury agent sleuth; Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark.

A feature of the film is the fight-to-the-death battle, with tear-gas barrages and gunfire, between gangsters and Treasury agents in the dangerous labyrinth of an enormous chemical plant.

A Warner Bros.' First National picture.

6 VICIOUS, Cody attacks Verna after killing Big Ed. She makes him believe her lies although it was she, not Big Ed, who killed his mother.

7 SECRET plans for the payroll hold-up of a huge chemical plant are discussed by Cody with reassembled gang. Vic sends warning to "T" agents of the coming raid.



8 CRAZED in desperate battle with agents, Cody climbs to top of chemical plant. As he exults "Ma, I'm on top of the world!" his gun discharges into gasometer and he is blown up.

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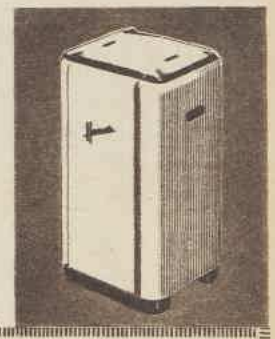

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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 7

WHAT was Clive doing? Susan asked herself. Tearing at something in his hand? It was a tie, a rust-red and yellow tie, and he was pulling the lining out of it, tearing it down the middle with the sound of ripping stitches.

He walked towards the bathroom, then suddenly looked up and saw Susan, stopped and stuffed the tattered tie into his pyjama pocket.

"Oh . . . hullo, Susan." The mildness of his tone clashed oddly with the violence of his actions. "What time is it? How do you manage to be up and dressed at this hour?"

"I don't know . . . it's after ten."

"Any fresh developments? Are they on to anything?"

"Nothing—at least, I haven't heard."

"And won't be, I'd say. Of all the bone-headed looking cops!"

Veronica called through the open door: "Who's there?"

"It's Susan."

Susan went into the bedroom.

"Oh, hullo. Don't pull up the blind."

Veronica was lying in bed in the dim room, now more than ever in disorder. There were more glasses this morning, more overflowing ashtrays, more clothes on floor and chairs. Clive had disappeared into the bathroom.

Susan picked her way over the litter on the floor and went and stood at the foot of the bed. What a delay! Any moment old Andy might come back and make her search in the kitchen impossible.

Veronica began to talk, pouring out lamentations and a stream of speculation as to who could have tried to murder Margaretta. Not looking at Susan, gulping down aspirin, groping for a cigarette.

"And I don't know how I'm going to get up and face it all," she moaned. "And what you must feel!" Even in the dimness you couldn't mistake the meaning in the quick glance she shot at Susan.

"Me? Why me?"

"Well . . . you know as well as I do how boring William can be when he's got a grievance."

"I think he's sensible enough to know he hasn't got one."

"I wonder! . . ." Veronica threw the matches back on the table, took a deep breath of smoke, and looked up at Susan. "Listen, Susan," she said, "Why are you marrying William?"

Susan answered quickly: "The usual reason."

"Oh, nuts! Don't tell me. You don't love him."

"Yes, I do. Very much." She must put a stopper on this instantly, not let this suspicion spread that there were any two minds about her marriage with William. She said again firmly: "Of course I love him. There can't be any other reason for my marrying him."

"I know. That's what made me wonder. He's no special catch for you, and anyone knows he's not exciting. He's all right, of course, but I've always thought him a bit of a stuffed shirt and that he'd be bound to marry someone . . . well, someone rather safe, like himself."

Susan managed a laugh. "I'm rather safe. Very safe, really."

THIS was the opening Veronica seemed to want. "Oh, are you? What about this young Adams, or whatever his name is?"

"Oh, don't be crazy! I explained that."

"Margaretta did, you mean. If you could have seen your face!"

"Well, it's not particularly comfortable to be bowled out in a lie before a roomful of people."

"Don't sidetrack me. If you've gone and fallen for this Adams——"

"I told you I haven't," Susan said firmly, but Veronica went straight on talking, ignoring the interruption.

"——marry him. Don't be a fool. You can afford to. Thank your stars you can afford to do what you like." That bitter note of envy came into her voice again. "Don't let yourself be pushed around by Margaretta."

All at once Susan saw what was behind this. Never in all the years she'd known Veronica had she seen her display one quarter of this interest in anybody else's doings.

For the first time Susan saw that her marriage with William wasn't so popular with anyone except Margaretta.

She saw now that for Clive and Veronica, Margaretta was the only source of easy money and that they were desperate at the prospect of having her interest drawn off from them. Last night had revealed to Veronica that there might be a chance to throw a spanner in the works.

Going over to the window, Susan tipped a slat of the blind and looked out. She felt disgust at the motives that were coming to light. Margaretta's ruthless blackmail last night to make the marriage go forward, and now Veronica's attempt to stop it.

Up to now she herself had been travelling round in blinkers; they were off now, and what a lot of unsavory things there were to see! Even murder wasn't a fact impossible to accept. The thought of having him, Bob Adams, dragged into all this became more and more to be prevented at all costs.

Veronica was saying: "If you're afraid to open it up yourself leave it to me. I'll speak to Margaretta. I'll say that you told me that you've begun to feel that William isn't really—"

"Stop, Veronica! Stop that at once!" Susan turned back from the window in panic, went close, and stood looking down at the soft dark hair, the plump creamy shoulders in the crumpled peach-satin nightdress.

"Don't imagine you'd be the first one to change your mind at the last minute," Veronica persisted. "Weddings are often called off. People get their presents back and they talk a lot at first, but after a few days who cares?"

Susan cried: "But I told you, I've got no intention, no idea in the world of giving up William! You and Clive must both be mad this morning."

"Clive? What do you mean?"

"You going on like this and him standing about in the hall just now, gritting his teeth and tearing up neckties!"

Veronica sat up. The light from the slat Susan had opened fell full on her big shallow brown eyes. They were shot through with alarm, giving them it seemed, for the first time, an unusual depth.

She and Susan stared at each other wordlessly for a moment . . . Susan knew that Clive and Veronica were always having disagreements, and usually Veronica had no objection to airing them largely—Clive's extravagance, Clive's drinking, Clive's bad temper—but this, for some reason or other, she didn't want to speak about.

It had even switched her off the subject of Susan and William. And that suited Susan.

She said lightly, going towards the door: "Anyhow, the subject's closed. Don't talk any more nonsense. William and I are just like that! We understand one another perfectly. I must run, I'm meeting him for lunch."

She went out, shutting the door behind her. Clive was still in the bathroom with all the taps on, turning the floor into a lake—one of Veronica's many small grievances.

The kitchen was still empty. Andy had breakfasted and washed up his breakfast things. Cups and plates stood drying on the bench.

Please turn to page 56

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

Beauty in brief:

Shingle back chat

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Most women are neck-conscious nowadays, but naturally do not see the back of their own necks as others do.

IF you are considering something chic and shingled in hair-dos, remember that such styles require a certain amount of clipping around the napeline to look their best.

So first of all give a thought to how low and thickly your hair is likely to grow on the neck.

Fuzzy, dark regrowth of hair spoils the back view of any hair style, and should be trimmed every week or so.

To make sure that you will not be left with a bristly, shaved neck, have a final check-up with hairdresser and hand-mirror before the initial shearing.

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FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE, 3/6

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in this famous **BLUE PACKET**

KRAFT APPLE SHELLS

6 large red apples; 1 young carrot; 2 spring onions; 1 hardcooked egg; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; 2 medium celery sticks; salt; 2 tablespoons Kraft Mayonnaise.

Top and core apples, remove most of fruit, keeping skins whole. Moisten with lemon juice to prevent browning. Dice egg, onions, apple pulp, celery and cheese, grate carrot, blend all ingredients together with Kraft Mayonnaise. Fill apple shells, garnish with spring onions and radish roses, place in lettuce cups and chill. Serves 6.

Kraft Cheddar ensures a balanced diet. It provides extra calories and minerals in concentrated form. Every time you cut lunches, too, be sure you include one or two Kraft Cheddar sandwiches—they're delicious!

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CARAMEL BANANA CASTLES, scrambled corn and bacon flan, double-decker hamburgers, and lemon cream kisses are the tempting dishes illustrated here. The same basic ingredients may be used in four entirely different dishes to add variety to the daily menu.

Two-way recipes

• These recipes will enable the housewife to vary dishes she makes from everyday foods. In each case, two ways of using the same basic ingredients are given.

TWO dishes made from the same ingredients would not, of course, appear on the one menu and the method of preparation and serving would be chosen to fit in with the other courses.

By using the basic ingredients in different ways on different occasions, family meals gain variety and interest.

All spoon measurements are level.

COLD MEAT, BREADCRUMBS, TOMATOES, AND BACON

It is not always possible to gauge family bread requirements accurately and using surplus bread often presents a problem.

Combined with cold meat (fresh, salted, tinned, or cold cooked rabbit), tomatoes, and bacon, breadcrumbs may be converted into appetising luncheon or dinner dishes.

Savory crumb casserole: One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 apple, 3 or 4 rashers lean bacon, 2½ to 3 cups diced cold meat, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Extras: One tablespoon melted butter or bacon fat, ¾ cup milk, 3 tablespoons grated cheese mixed with 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs, sliced tomato, parsley to garnish.

Grease an ovenware dish thickly, sprinkle with some of the crumbs. Peel onion and apple and dice finely. Remove rind from bacon, chop. Arrange crumbs, onion, apple, bacon, and meat in dish in alternate layers, dusting each layer with salt, pepper, and parsley. Dot top with melted butter, pour milk in carefully. Top with sliced tomato, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and cheese mixed with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes and serve hot garnished with parsley.

Double decker hamburgers: Breadcrumbs, onion, apple, bacon, meat, salt, pepper, and parsley as for savory crumb casserole. Extras: Half cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup thick white sauce, 1 egg-yolk mixed with a little milk, browned breadcrumbs, thick tomato slices, grated cheese.

Combine breadcrumbs, onion, apple, half the chopped bacon, meat, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Add extra breadcrumbs and white sauce, mix well. Allow to stand about 15 minutes. Shape into large flat patties about ⅞in. thick. Brush with egg and milk, coat with browned crumbs. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven about ½ hour. Top each hamburger with a thick tomato slice, dust with salt and pepper. Cover with balance of chopped bacon and grated cheese. Return to oven for further 12 to 15 minutes or until bacon is cooked. Serve hot.

CORN, BACON, AND TOMATOES

Sweet corn, extended with soft breadcrumbs and beaten eggs, and flavored with bacon makes a delicious filling for a savory tart or for whole baked tomatoes.

Initial preparation is the same for both recipes, but when the mixture is filled into a pastry-case the tomatoes are sliced and used as a garnish on the top.

Scrambled corn and bacon flan: One 8in. pastry-case (cooked and cooled), 1 tin sweet corn, 3 rashers lean bacon, ¾ cup cooked peas (may be omitted), 1 teaspoon grated onion, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley. Extras: Tomato slices, bacon rolls, parsley to garnish.

Combine corn, chopped cooked bacon, peas, onion, breadcrumbs, beaten eggs, salt, and pepper, and chopped parsley. Stir over low heat until thickened. Fill into pastry-case, top with tomato slices and bacon rolls. Place in moderate oven until pastry is thoroughly reheated and tomato slices and bacon rolls cooked. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

Corn stuffed tomatoes: Corn, bacon, peas, onion, breadcrumbs, eggs, salt, pepper, and parsley as for corn and bacon flan. Extras: Five or six medium-size whole tomatoes, 5 or 6 dessertspoons grated cheese, parsley to garnish.

Cut a slice from the top of each washed and dried tomato. Scoop out pulp, reserve for future use. Invert tomatoes on flat plate to drain. Prepare corn mixture (as directed for corn and bacon flan). Fill into prepared tomatoes, sprinkle tops with grated cheese. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven until tomatoes are soft. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

CARAMEL UPSIDE DOWN DESSERT

The following recipe for caramel upside down dessert may be used as the basis of individual size caramel banana puddings to be served with caramel sauce and cream or ice-cream. Almonds and cherries may be added for decorative effect.

Caramel upside down dessert: Two ounces butter or other shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1¼ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons milk. Extras: One tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, blanched almonds, and cherries.

Cream the extra one tablespoon of butter with the brown sugar and spread over base and sides of 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tin. Make a pattern of almonds and cherries on bottom of tin if liked. Cream butter, sugar, and lemon rind. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread carefully over mixture in tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) about 30 minutes. Allow to stand a few minutes (for caramel syrup to settle) before turning out of tin. Serve hot with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

Caramel banana castles: Butter, sugar, lemon rind, egg, self-raising flour, salt, and milk as for caramel upside down dessert. Extras: Two small, ripe bananas, scant ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, caramel sauce (bought or home-made), almonds and cherries if desired.

Prepare mixture as for caramel upside down dessert, adding well-mashed bananas before the dry ingredients and dissolving the soda in the milk, which should be reduced by half. Spoon into greased patty-tins, bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out, decorate with almonds and cherries if desired. Pour heated caramel sauce over and serve at once.

Continued on page 50

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

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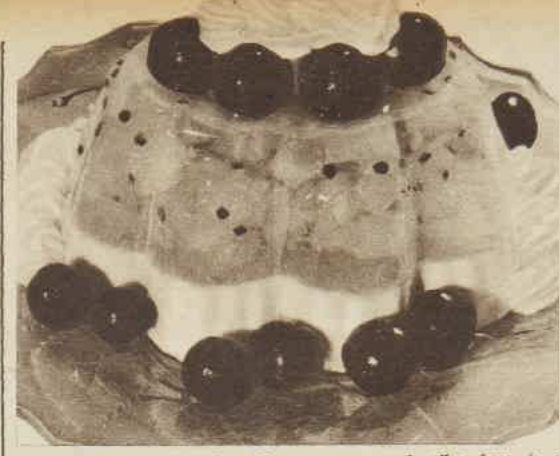

JELLIED FRUIT SALAD, with a creamy marshmallow base, is a delicious hot weather sweet. Pineapple included in the fruit salad must be cooked first, because uncooked pineapple prevents jelly setting.

Smooth sweet wins £5

● Simple, homely recipes to add interest to everyday family meals win prizes in this week's contest.

SMOOTH marshmallow makes a delicious base for an attractive jellied fruit salad which wins this week's main prize of £5.

A good lunch-box biscuit made with rolled oats and coconut wins a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUIT SALAD MARSHMALLOW

One packet red or yellow jelly, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ cups prepared fruit salad, including ½ cup cooked pineapple, cherries, and mint sprigs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg-white, cream and cherries to decorate.

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. When cold set a thin layer in bottom of fancy mould with a pattern of cherries and mint sprigs. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. Place drained fruit salad in mould, add balance of jelly, and allow to set. Bring sugar, water, and gelatine to boiling point, cook 5 minutes. Allow to become cold, beat until thick and white. Fold in lemon juice, vanilla, and stiffly beaten egg-white. Pour into mould on top of jellied fruit. Chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, decorate with whipped cream and cherries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. Colin Smith, Koornong Rd., Warrandyte, Vic.

MUNCHIES

One cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup coconut, ½lb. butter or other shortening, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water.

Mix dry ingredients together. Melt butter in boiling water, add syrup and soda. Stir into dry ingredients. Mix well. Place teaspoonful at a time on to greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until browned, about 10 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Watson, Post Office, Victoria Estate, Ingham, North Queensland.

JELLIED SALADS

Continued from page 49

ADD balance of gelatine to remaining stock, stir over heat until dissolved. Allow to cool, stir in mayonnaise. Fold in diced tongue, any remaining asparagus sticks (diced), celery, red pepper, mustard, salt, pepper to taste. Fill into mould, chill. Unmould when set, garnish with cream cheese and parsley. Arrange tongue and tomato slices around platter, add lettuce, radish roses, and parsley.

PRAWN AND LOBSTER SHAPE

One small lobster, 1lb. prawns, ½ cup tartare sauce, ¼ cup water, 2 cups fish or vegetable stock, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, stuffed olives, ½ cup diced cooked celery, salt, pepper, lemon baskets, lettuce, and parsley to garnish.

Diced flesh of lobster, shell prawns and dice, reserving some whole ones. Soften 1 dessertspoon of the gelatine in water, stir over boiling water until dissolved. Add to tartare sauce, set in bottom of wetted mould. Arrange whole prawns and slices of olive around side of mould. Heat stock, add balance of gelatine and stir until dissolved, cool. Add lemon juice, salt, pepper, and yellow coloring if desired. Barely cover prawns in mould with this stock, allow to set. Add diced lobster and prawns mixed with celery and seasoned with salt and pepper. Pour in balance of stock, chill until set. Unmould and serve with lemon baskets (see color photograph), lettuce, and parsley.

APRICOT CREAM

Three dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, ¼ cup sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup syrup (from apricots), 1 cup mashed cooked apricots, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, fresh or preserved fruit to decorate, a few green leaves.

Soften gelatine in cold water; add sugar, salt, and syrup. Stir over low heat until sugar and gelatine are dissolved. Add mashed apricots and lemon juice, mix well. When beginning to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with fruit and green leaves.

Helpful pre-natal service . . .

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

DURING the seven years since The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau was established, thousands of letters have been received from mothers seeking mothercraft advice.

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Wallpaper

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"Oh NO! Please not THAT" cried

Letty Lettuce

"That's a very tempting salad, but please don't make it taste the same as every other salad you've ever made! Please don't give me that old-fashioned recipe you mix at home, Mrs. Housewife! Why not make your salads EXTRA tasty . . . EXTRA nourishing with Kraft Mayonnaise!"

"Here's the way— KRAFT MAYONNAISE!"

"This new, improved Kraft Mayonnaise has a new kind of flavour which makes any salad taste TWICE as delicious! Smoother, creamier too — and look at this lovely re-usable Swanky Swig glass!"

KRAFT MAYONNAISE is made just the way you *LIKE* your mayonnaise

NEW! IMPROVED! WONDER FLAVOUR!

If you've never tasted Kraft Mayonnaise, or haven't tried it lately, you've a wonderful taste sensation coming!

Made with choice, wholesome ingredients from a master recipe, here is a *true* mayonnaise. Not "oily"—but with a degree of sweetness which is "just right". Here's a new, exciting piquancy of flavour . . . a really *tasty* mayonnaise *everyone* enjoys.

Also—Kraft Mayonnaise stays *fresh* to the last delicious drop in its gay, re-usable "Swanky Swig" glass. Get a jar of Kraft Mayonnaise from your grocer today—and you'll never bother to make your own mayonnaise again. Never!

Ask for KRAFT MAYONNAISE

— the finest Salad Dressing of all!

5oz. "Swanky Swigs" and 12oz. Economical Jars

M01

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 42

VERY dissatisfied by Horry's vague generalisation, Willie tried a more practical question, and asked, "But how about money?"

Horry's face cleared. Here was a question he could answer.

"Oh, she's all right for money. Mum left her everything that she could. It's not the earth, but she won't starve, bless her heart, and if ever she wants a bit extra she's only got to ask her rich brother, the West End favorite with the big future in Hollywood."

"How about young men and all that?" Willie asked, trying hard to make the question sound casual.

"Oh, she's got plenty," Horry answered. "I'm always seeing her with them at restaurants. Nobody I know, though, and she doesn't introduce them."

Before they separated, Willie made Horry promise to make a plan for his next visit to London, the date of which he already knew. Horry would get seats for a play, a popular success, which he knew that Felicity wanted to see, and Willie would take her.

They would all meet for supper afterwards, when Horry would bring another girl to complete the party.

So Willie travelled north with the comfortable sensation of looking forward to a certain day. He needed comfort when he got there, for he learnt that the blow had fallen, and that the regiment was to be mechanised forthwith. To make the blow yet harder to bear there came the news that Hamilton, who had been away for two or three years, was returning as second-in-command.

It was at this time that the thought of leaving the Army first presented itself to Willie's mind, as a course that ought to be considered, and not as the abandonment of all that made life desirable.

He had never taken any interest in machinery. He had never shared the interest which most of his contemporaries took in motor cars. He had found them useful for getting about and he had learnt to drive them, badly, but he had never tried to tinker with them.

But still he kept in his heart the ambition that he had had as a schoolboy and which had always remained with him. He was still young and active, and there were beginning to be rumors of war. The day might yet come when that ambition would be fulfilled and he would go into battle with his regiment.

The evening to which Willie had been looking forward arrived. Felicity came in her small car to pick him up at his club. He was standing in the window waiting for her. He felt proud to be called for by such a beautiful girl. They had a box at the theatre, which gave a sensation of comfort and intimacy.

He found no difficulty in talking to her. Conversation flowed easily. She told him that when she was a child he had been her hero. He trembled with pleasure, and asked her why.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I suppose because the others were brothers, and apart from them I didn't know anyone else."

His heart sank. He asked her whom Horry would be bringing to supper.

"I expect it will be Miriam Love," she answered. "They've been friends for a very long time."

"What is she like, and what does she do?" asked Willie.

"She's very pretty. She's on the stage, but she hasn't got a part just now. She's married to a second-rate actor." She went off at a tangent. "Oh, Willie, tell me about Daisy Summers. I'm so glad you didn't marry her. What happened?"

Willie told the little there was to tell, and Felicity listened sympathetically. He ended by saying he was glad he had been to get her letter, and asked why she had written it.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I used often to think of you, and I was so sorry when I heard you were engaged to a girl of that sort."

"Did you think she was a bad girl?"

"Oh no, no—only silly, ordinary and pointless."

LEAVING the theatre, Willie and Felicity went on to the Savoy Grill, where they met Horry with Miriam Love. Willie recognised her at once as the girl who had been with Horry on that night, so many years ago, when he had invited them to join him and his brother officers at supper.

Ten years had made very little difference to her. He thought her better-looking than ever. He recalled that evening, and they laughed together over how angry Horry had been.

"Silly Horry! He still gets angry over things that don't matter," Miriam declared.

It was a gay party. Everybody had plenty to say; Willie less than the others, but he did not feel out of it. When he suggested that they should go on to the Players Club it was already too late. Horry and Miriam went off together, and Willie was left with Felicity.

"Can't we go somewhere else?" he asked.

"No," she answered decisively. "I'm tired. Jump into my car. I'll drop you. It's on my way."

He knew it would be useless to argue, but although he had enjoyed every minute of the evening he was left with a feeling of failure.

During the remainder of that summer Willie saw Felicity as often as he could. She seemed to have many engagements and never told him what they were. She never introduced him to her friends and, when he asked her to, said she did not think they would amuse him.

Please turn to page 54

UNWANTED HAIRS

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For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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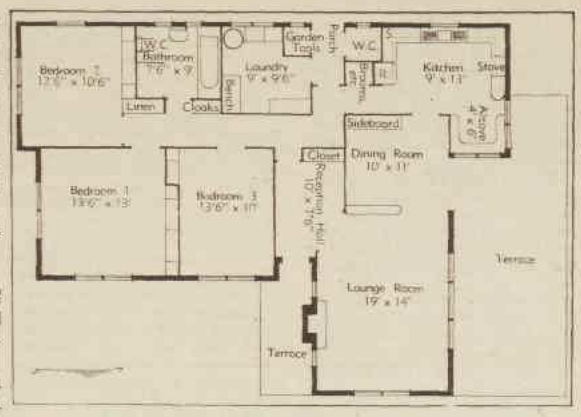
Entry in home competition

The ground plan on the right is an entry in our Plan-A-Home Contest submitted by a reader who lives in the Sydney harbor-side suburb of Castlecrag.

Deep red face-bricks are used for the house, the outside woodwork is painted ivory, and the guttering green.



AMPLE STORAGE SPACE and modern conveniences are features of this entry in our Plan-A-Home Contest. A contest plan will be published each week until the results are announced. Such plans are not necessarily prize-winners.

BEDROOMS are grouped together in this plan, and with the bathroom form a com-

ain and third bed- the sun in the morn- he winter, and are rom the afternoon sun r.

utherly windows in two enable advantage to of cool summer breezes.

eception hall is of ade- e. The entrance door ed to provide protection e weather.

The lounge-room has wide windows to the north which look out on to the big terrace and add an air of space. The dining-section, separated only by a waist-high china and cocktail cabinet, adds to the area of the room, too.

The placing of the kitchen reduces walking in relation to the dining-room, main terrace, reception hall, and side porch.

The kitchen has a dining-alcove with windows both to the north and to the east. This nook could also be used for sewing and other tasks.

The laundry has been planned as a room to provide a work bench and cupboards in addition to laundry equipment.

Woodwork throughout is of polished maple, except in the kitchen and laundry, where it is painted ivory.

Reception Hall: The floor is covered with self-patterned blue-grey carpet, which also covers the lounge-room floor. A small table and chair of light walnut are the only furnishings in the hall. The chair seat is of plain mid-blue tapestry.

Lounge-room: Window drapes are of mushroom-pink satin, curtains cream marquisette. Walls and ceiling are painted pale grey. Colors are repeated in floral tapestry covering chairs and lounge. Plain cushions of dominant colors. Dining-section furnishings follow the same scheme.

Main Bedroom: Blue-grey carpet with very pale blue walls and ceiling. Drapes are of pale pink satin damask and bedspread blue quilted satin. A pale pink satin damask-covered chair has a large pale blue cushion.

Schoolboy's Room: The carpet is fawn cord and the curtains are steel-blue linen, matching the easy chair and cushion and bedspread. Pipings are maroon.

Teenage Girl's Room: The wall-to-wall carpet is primrose and green, the curtains of ivory voile, with drapes of apple-green taffeta. The frilled ivory voile bedspread has underspread of green taffeta. A green damask-covered chair has primrose taffeta cushion.

Kitchen and Alcove: The floor is covered with cream and red marbled rubber. Red and white hail-spot voile curtains have frilled edges. Round table in alcove has chrome legs and cream laminex top. Stools have red leather seats and match alcove seat cover.

Bathroom: Bath and hand-basin are primrose, wall tiles are cream, matt finished, with narrow maroon beading six inches from top. The floor tiles are in three shades of cream.

Garden snapshot of the week

The winner of the second weekly prize of £2/2/- for the best gardening picture and story is Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, of Linsdale, Hoxton Park, via Liverpool, N.S.W., whose charming little country garden is shown on this page.

HOME of Mrs. E. M. Reynolds, of Hoxton Park, N.S.W., who wins the £2/2/- prize awarded weekly for a home garden photograph and description of the garden.

IT is ten years since Mrs. Reynolds took up gardening as a hobby. As the climate of the district is hot and dry and there is clay subsoil close to the surface she had to plant only shrubs and flowers of hardy types.

Here is her story of her garden: "I planted couch lawns to frame the garden in restful green, and made one large flower-bed which is backed by oleanders in different shades as well as by habrothamnus and bird of paradise shrubs.

"The remainder of the bed is massed with pentstemons, ceratostigma, Orange triumph roses, and phlox. The result is a gradual rising of color up to the shrubs, offset by gum-trees, retained wherever possible on the property.

"The shrubs and dwarf roses prevent an empty look during the change over from summer to winter flowers.

"I have proved that compost hoed in twice each year reduces plant disease. Compost heaps are made all the year round from lawn clippings, vegetable peelings, and leaves, which are rotted down.

"Poultry manure, lime, and the ashes from woody prunings are also added to the compost and help considerably to build up the nutrient content. Compost is used liberally as a mulch on all beds and frequently supplemented by generous additions of liquid manure."

EACH week a cash prize of £2/2/- is awarded to the reader who sends in the best snapshot of a home garden with a 200-word account of methods of cultivation and production.

Any member of the family may take a snapshot of your garden and send it in.

Readers are also invited to send in color pictures of their gardens. A special cash prize of £5 will be awarded for any color picture used.

Your picture and story need not necessarily be of a flower garden only. It may show a well-laid-out vegetable plot, a window box, penthouse or balcony garden, an eye-catching shrubbery, a collection of well-grown pot plants, a water-garden, fine rockery, or wall-garden.

We invite gardeners to enter this contest at once.

Black-and white snapshots should be printed on glossy paper, and, if possible, accompanied by the negatives. Only transparencies will be accepted for snapshots in color.

Stories and pictures should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Pictures will not be considered unless they are accompanied by stories of "How I Did It."

Awards for color pictures and stories will be announced shortly.

Negatives and prints not used will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes are included with entries.

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Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 52

DURING the winter it happened that Willie had to spend a Sunday evening in London. He rang up Horry, and they arranged to dine together at a little restaurant in Soho. When he arrived there Horry was waiting for him at a table for three.

"Felicity's coming," he explained.

Willie was rather annoyed that his heart gave a bound. He had not seen Felicity since she had gone on a holiday to Brittany without a word to him. And he had tried hard to forget her.

Felicity arrived late. When the door of the restaurant was flung open Willie knew she was coming, and when she walked quickly in and sat down without explanation or apology, he knew that he was more in love with her than ever.

How happy he felt to be with her, and with Horry once again! How different their conversation was from that of his other friends! And how infinitely more amusing!

They drank Chianti and talked until all the other diners had left, and most of the waiters. Then they drank liqueurs, until the proprietor was obliged, very reluctantly, to tell them that it was long past closing time. They took a taxi, and they dropped Horry first, and Willie insisted upon driving Felicity back to Chelsea.

He threw his arms round her and kissed her passionately. She made no resistance. And when he told her that he loved her better than the whole world, and that he had never loved anyone else, she answered simply, "Darling."

"I've been so angry with you," he whispered. "I've tried so hard to forget you."

"Yes, I was afraid you were," she answered, very low.

"Why did you make no sign?" he asked, but she answered only "Darling."

When they came to the house where she was staying he asked whether he might come in. "No, my love," she laughed gently, "of course not. There are people there."

"Then you must have lunch with me to-morrow, for I have to leave in the afternoon."

"I can't to-morrow," she said, "but next time you're here."

They arranged when they would meet, and where.

"I love you so," he said.

"I love you, too," she answered, and then firmly slipped out of his embrace and was gone.

In Willie's mind marriage remained the natural and logical sequel to love. If Felicity loved him she would be prepared to marry him, and yet he could hardly believe that she would. She had ideas on every subject that were so different from the ideas of other people.

One evening at this time he found himself with Hamilton. He had not come to like him, but long acquaintance had induced a certain intimacy, and his advice on any matter was worth having.

"I'm thinking of chucking the Army," Willie said suddenly. "Would you advise me to?"

Hamilton usually addressed Willie in a tone of superficially good-natured, but occasionally malicious, banter. Asked a serious question, however, about a serious and partly military subject, he immediately became serious himself, and sought to answer it to the best of his ability.

"There's a good deal to be said on both sides," he answered. "I know that you don't like mechanical warfare and you are finding it difficult to adapt yourself. At the same time, you are very fond of the regiment. I know that. I think you might miss it very much if you gave it up."

Touched by such good sense and such sympathy, Willie blurted out: "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Bravo!" said Hamilton. "That solves the problem," and then returning to his lighter tone, "Paterfamilias has no time for regimental duties."

"But is there going to be another war?" asked Willie. "I just missed the last one, you know, and I couldn't bear to miss the next one."

"I don't know whether there's going to be a war," said Hamilton, "but this I do know: if you leave the regiment now you'll go on the reserve of officers, and if a war comes along while you can still bear arms, you'll return to the regiment on the day of mobilisation—or a few days earlier."

"Can I count on that?"

"You may be quite certain," said Hamilton gravely, "that you would rejoin the regiment as soon as war broke out. We should need every trained officer we could lay our hands on."

"That's a great relief to me," said Willie. "In fact, it removes the chief obstacle that stood in my way. The only other thing is that I should have liked to have got my majority before I left."

Hamilton was silent. He had his own opinions as to Willie's qualifications for the rank of major.

After a moment or two Willie added: "Well, I shall go on thinking it over. You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"I won't," said Hamilton, and he didn't.

WHEN Willie next met Felicity he told her that he intended to leave the Army. She was very surprised.

"Oh, Willie," she said, "would you be wise to do that? It seems hard to imagine you out of the Army. It's so much a part of you. Would you be happy if you gave it up?"

"I should be happy if you would marry me," he said.

"Oh, my poor love," she cried in deep concern, "I hope you will not think of that. I have no wish to marry. Whether I ever shall I cannot say, but certainly not now. If that was why you wanted to leave the Army, pray do nothing of the sort."

"But why should you refuse to marry me?" he persisted obstinately. "You said you loved me a few nights ago."

"I do love you, I do indeed. But I can never see that that has much to do with it. So few married people love each other, and so many people who aren't married do."

"That's all cynical rot," said Willie. "Would you do away with marriage altogether?"

"Oh, no, of course not, but I feel that it is not for me—not at present, anyway."

"Well, what am I to do?" asked Willie.

"I suppose that if I were a nice girl I should say 'Forget me,' but that's the last thing I want you to do. So go on loving me, my darling Willie, and I will go on loving you. And we'll have great fun, and not be too serious, and who knows what may happen in the end?"

Willie took these last, vague words as a kind of promise. He would say to himself afterwards, "She told me not to give up hope, but to wait." This was not quite what Felicity had meant.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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for BURNS, CUTS BLISTERS

—friction or burn—and All Minor Skin Injuries.

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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 56

BEFORE she realised what she was doing, almost, Susan had taken the tin from her pocket and, holding it low down, with him between her and the house, lifted the lid. She said: "Can you tell me what this is?"

Bob Adams' eyes dropped from her face to the object in her hand. "No. What is it?"

"I don't know. That's what I want to find out. It may be—well, any harmless white powder. It may be cyanide."

"Are you crazy?" He stared down at it again.

"No, I'm not. I know it must sound like it. But can you tell—to look at it—if it is?"

"Here? Like this? No, of course I can't. What makes you think it might be?"

"Eddie Heatherington was killed with cyanide, and years ago, in the country, I saw some, for killing rabbits."

His face grew suddenly serious, almost stern. For a moment it seemed he wasn't going to ask the question, and then he said: "Where did you get this?"

She hesitated, putting the lid back on the tin slowly. Trust him. She must trust someone with this idea of hers, though to do so voiced so base a suspicion.

Briefly she told him of having seen the tin by chance on the shelf in the cottage; of remembering it last night and going back this morning to get it; of meaning to throw it into the water and imagining herself followed.

He listened intently. He had a way of listening as though the very essence of what you wanted to convey were getting through to him.

She ended: "And now that I've got it I'm beginning to think I was mad to meddle with it. But you know how it is—sometimes—how something drives you on."

"I do. The incorrigible active part of you."

"And I wonder whether I hadn't better just watch for another opportunity and slip it back up there. What do you think?"

He stood a moment not answering. Then he said: "No, I don't think that's such a good idea. Not at all."

"Why not?"

"Well, suppose this—this poisoner, whoever it is, has killed the wrong person—as everyone seems to think—and is still laying for Mrs. Gaiford? Isn't it the height of madness for you to go putting it back and giving him the means to have another try?"

"Of course, of course. Then you mean I'd better destroy it?"

He said thoughtfully: "I don't know that I do. Because if the poison didn't come from this source—presuming it is poison—and this old man suddenly remembers he's got some, and being innocent, goes off and tells the police and they go to look for it . . ."

He was frowning. "You say it was high up and you climbed up on a chair. They don't find the tin but they find your fingerprints over everything. That's going to look good, isn't it?"

"Oh! . . . I never thought of that."

"They will. And they'll very naturally ask how you knew it was there, and if you thought it was cyanide why you didn't take it to them."

"Yes . . . yes. Then it's obvious that the best thing to do would be to take it to them right away and tell them everything."

"There's a snag in that, too," he said slowly. "That might get a perfectly innocent person into trouble. You go to the police and say you found it in Phipps' kitchen—well, if he, being a bit old and vague, has forgotten it, how will he convince them of that? See what I mean?"

"Yes, I do. I certainly do."

Suddenly he gave a laugh. His hair in the sun was almost a light brown; she'd thought it dark. It was thick, and glistened at the temples . . . and his eyes had an almost transparent clearness . . . All so extraneous to the moment but how endearing!

"Listen," he said. "The first thing to do is to find out what the stuff is. What's the use of us talking about what you ought to do with it when you don't know whether it's cyanide potassium or simply sodium bicarb?" He put out his hand. "Give it to me."

She backed a pace. The warning came again. Yet, from the moment he'd appeared, wasn't this what she'd been angling for? One part of her saying to him, "Keep safe, darling, perfectly safe out of all this," while the other part was putting out arms to entwine him. "Help me. Share my joys and sorrows!"

As she hesitated he said again: "Come on, give it to me, I'll analyse it."

"I'd rather you didn't have anything to do with it."

"Rubbish!"

"No, really . . ."

"Why did you tell me, then? I'm as curious as you are now." He took the tin out of her hand and dropped it into his pocket. "Don't be afraid, it's our secret. I'll come with the result to you. Some time to-day, or to-night, and then you can make up your mind further."

"No, don't do that," she said quickly. Oh, for him to come asking for her, knocking at Margaretta's door! As if it wasn't bad enough, maybe, to have stood here talking to him!

Please turn to page 58

What do you know about English poetry?

Test your knowledge of English poetry. Answers on page 61.

1—"Lead on, Macduff!", taken from "Macbeth," is often quoted. Or is it misquoted?

2—"Water, water, everywhere, And not a drop to drink." Is this what the Ancient Mariner said?

3—Would Tennyson approve of this line from one of his poems:
"And may there be no moaning at the bar."?

4—What are the titles of the poems in which the following lines occur, and who wrote them?:

(a)—"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet . . ."

(b)—"Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night . . ."

(c)—"The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die . . ."

(d)—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

(e)—"It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea . . ."

(f)—"That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England . . ."

(g)—"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough . . ."

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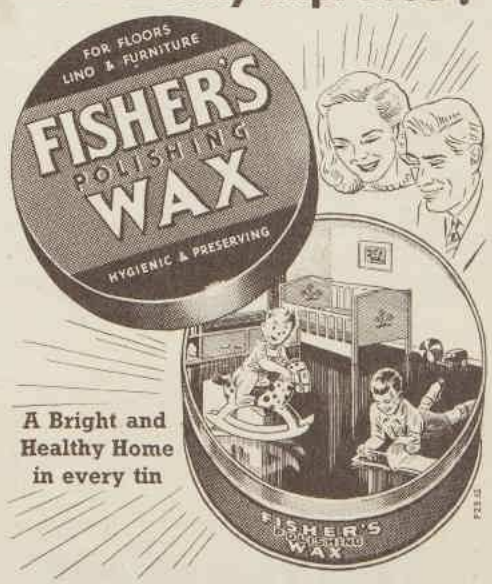

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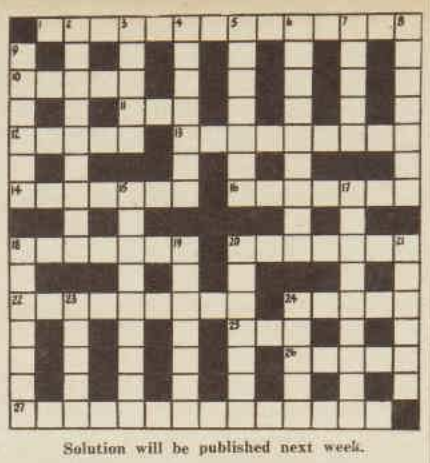
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This fruit was thrown to the assembled gods (5, 2, 7).
10. Blackguard and the French younger son (5).
11. When Shakespeare married it was aspirated and absent (3).
12. Fish with hook and bait between two meeting lines (5).
13. Dot a tall O and the whole burden is in it (5, 4).
14. Pledged, but there is something in the middle that prevents speech (7).
16. Pompous with a pole for walking on Edward (7).
18. Went fast with an organ inside and was wounded by a primitive weapon (7).
20. He mails (anagr., 7).
22. Intimates when the turned father glorifies (9).
24. Be 480 sheets of paper and a fish (5).
25. Rocky peak especially on Dartmoor (3).
26. Piece inserted in permit (5).
27. It's looking for trouble, so be careful you aren't burnt (2, 4, 4, 4).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Five hundred on the move in the middle of a teacher (9).
3. Once they reached it the old Greeks forgot their past (5).
4. Left out with an order to exclude the Duke of Windsor (7).
5. Dedicates of the French ballots (7).
6. Bombard an animal with fins and gills to get a mollusc (9).
7. Surpass (5).
8. Made free in performance and laughed to scorn (7).
9. Abrade mostly fragment (6).
15. Bag at a gun (anagr., 9).
17. He is often commercial (9).
18. Cicatrice permit adds up to a bright hue (7).
19. Repudiate Diana's one solemn promise (7).
20. Urgent in holy six-footer (7).
21. Terminal points (6).
23. Such girls are nailed to the wall (3, 2).
24. Short yet barristers accept it willingly (5).

Solution to last week's crossword

Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 57

AGAINST her will, Susan's eyes lifted again to the balcony. So far as she could see there was no one there. And yet every window this morning might be an eye watching her . . .

She said again: "No, don't. I'll get in touch with you, when—when I get the chance—the time."

"Just as you like."

Bob didn't sound surprised. No doubt he pictured her, she mourned, caught up in her frivolous social round and with everything else taking second place to that.

"I'll be back sometime this afternoon," he said; "Later . . . or this evening."

So vague! Afterwards, she wondered why she hadn't found out more about his plans for the day.

. . . . . .

When Susan got into the flat she heard Margaretta's voice coming from the bedroom where, with Una's help, she had just finished dressing. Susan crossed the hall and went in, feeling a good deal relieved that Margaretta hadn't decided to get up ten minutes earlier.

The invalid was striking camp. Abandoned, the mattress of the wide bed was up-ended, blankets and coverings draped chairs, slippers and bedrobes lay discarded. On the bedside table half-finished glasses of this an that mingled with dying flowers and sick-bed litter.

Susan helped in the trek to the balcony, following with foot-rest and more cushions, with eye-shade and books.

Out there, Margaretta swept weakly to the parapet and raked the garden with her eyes.

"Oh, what a day! Why shouldn't people be content to be just alive to-day? Live and let live . . . Poor Eddie! And what's so frightful to me is to think that someone should have wanted to kill me. Me! Who've never done anyone any harm, who've showered help and money on people."

She turned abruptly on Susan. "You're meeting William for lunch, aren't you? Take a taxi. So much easier than parking. Don't forget to tell him to look in at Krause's, the Austrian shoemaker, this afternoon. I made the appointment for him, and the man is rushed with orders. He promised to have them ready by the time your plane leaves . . . Oh, Una, not that woollen lap-rug to-day! Do you want to smother me?"

Meekly—but how speaking was her meekness!—Una folded the square of shetland wool and took it inside.

Trailing her thin fingers along the stone rail, Margaretta walked once the length of the balcony. In her striped yellow-and-black lounging pyjamas, she looked like one of those great flying creatures, darting and stinging, made dangerously active by the summer heat.

With a sigh she stretched herself on the lounge—one straight line of suffering protest.

Una came back with a cup of vitaminised meat extract. As the tray was put down beside her, Margaretta's brown eyes glanced sideways at it, but her mouth remained ostentatiously closed until Una had left the balcony.

Then, her voice vibrating, she said: "I can't help wondering if I'm going to find death in that stuff! In everything I touch now."

Susan said lightly: "I'll be your taster." She took a spoonful. "It tastes delicious to me." She pushed the tray nearer Margaretta's elbow.

Please turn to page 60

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Cyanide for Supper

Continued from page 58

MARGARETTA started to sip. Over the rim of the cup her eyes sought Susan's. "Susan," she said, "tell me, last night——"

"Yes? What?"

"That young Adams—when you put off your jaunt with him—how did he take it?"

Susan held the eyes steadily. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, was he disappointed? Did he make any—any sort of a scene?"

"A scene?" Susan laughed. "I can't imagine anything less likely. He didn't care a snap. It wasn't a thing of any moment."

Margaretta drained the cup and put it down. "Really?" she said. "Tell me, did you happen to mention to him that I had advised you to put off the drive, to see no more of him?"

Susan crushed out her cigarette and threw it over the rail. Keep control, she cautioned herself; this moment is possibly more full of danger for him than you can begin to imagine.

"No," she said calmly, "I didn't tell him that."

"Didn't you?"

"No, Margaretta, I did not. As I said last night, I felt rather small to have you—sort of directing me like that. So that was the last thing I wanted him to know."

With her cold glance Margaretta looked her over slowly.

"It's very hard for me," she said, "almost impossible, in fact, to believe that any young man—especially any not very comfortably placed young man—shouldn't have . . . well, built rather high hopes on a day alone with you. And I can hardly think, my dear, that he believed that someone hadn't prompted you to call it off, and if he guessed it was me that he didn't see red!"

Susan's hands began to tremble, her mouth to get dry. What was the use of pretending not to see the inference?

"Do you mean . . ." she stammered, "do you mean to suggest—?"

The thin directing hand stopped her. "Don't let us go on. Don't let us say any more. But you can hardly blame me for casting about to find who might have had a grievance against me. I wouldn't be human if I didn't . . ."

Her voice took on a forced sweetness: "You're going to change, aren't you, before you go out? Lower that blind a little, darling, will you? The sun'll be round here in a minute. I must try ot rest. Klinger's coming along this morning, but I'm too weak for a treatment, I'm afraid. Those police are sure to be back soon, probing and questioning . . ."

Susan went into her room and shut the door behind her.

What can I do? she thought. Is there anything on earth I can do to keep her from voicing to anyone else this frightful, wicked suggestion?

. . . . . .

William was standing at the top of the steps when Susan got out of the taxi outside the restaurant.

She had put on the frock he had helped her to shop for the other day, had cast his vote for: a fine grey linen. With it she wore a wide-brimmed black hat, and William's eyes approved more than warmly.

Sitting in the lounge as he ordered their drinks, Susan glanced at him, wondering if he was as far from jealousy about last night's incident as she had boasted to Veronica that he would be. There wasn't the smallest shadow on his face, nothing there but unmixed enjoyment of this hour—or two if he could make it so—alone with her.

As junior partner in a leading firm of solicitors, William was a busy man, but he always had ample time when he was with Susan.

To-day, as though it had been agreed between them, the mystery of Eddie's death wasn't spoken of during the meal. How determined he was, she thought, sanely to turn her thoughts from it.

Carefully he studied the menu and ordered the meal: oysters, chicken, and a spring salad, iced cantaloup, champagne—because this day, he told her, was unique for them. And why? Because there'd never be again in all their lives a Thursday in the week before they were married!

Their table in the quiet corner, the muted orchestra, the hum of talk and laughter from the other tables, and William talking away about their three months abroad, whether to cut out Portugal and go to Italy, all combined to try to lighten the sinister cloud over their heads.

They had almost finished luncheon when the waiter came with a message for William that he was wanted on the telephone. He threw down his napkin and got up and went out.

Left alone, Susan withdrew into herself again. She could now stop the pretence that everything was all right, that she was happy, had enjoyed the carefully chosen meal, when as a matter of fact she hadn't tasted a scrap of anything she'd eaten. All her energies had been taken up in responding to William and in trying to lull to sleep any possible suspicion that he might have of her and Robert Adams.

William came back and sat down beside her again. He said, "Sorry to be so long, pet."

"That's all right, darling. I've been admiring my new hat in that glass over there."

"What taste the woman has!" He signalled the waiter and ordered coffee.

There was a briskness in his manner, she noticed, his concentration on her had flown, and suddenly, in a flash of intuition, she thought she saw on his face the expression she'd seen there last night when Bob and her visit to him had come into the picture.

Taking out her compact and starting to make up her mouth, she asked in an off-hand voice, "Nice news or nasty?"

"Oh . . . it was just Margaretta. She wanted to speak to me." His tone dismissed the subject.

All Susan's fears started up afresh. Margaretta's attempt to slander Bob—was that what she'd been pouring into the telephone just now? William didn't mean to tell her, she saw. But somehow she must find out.

To be continued

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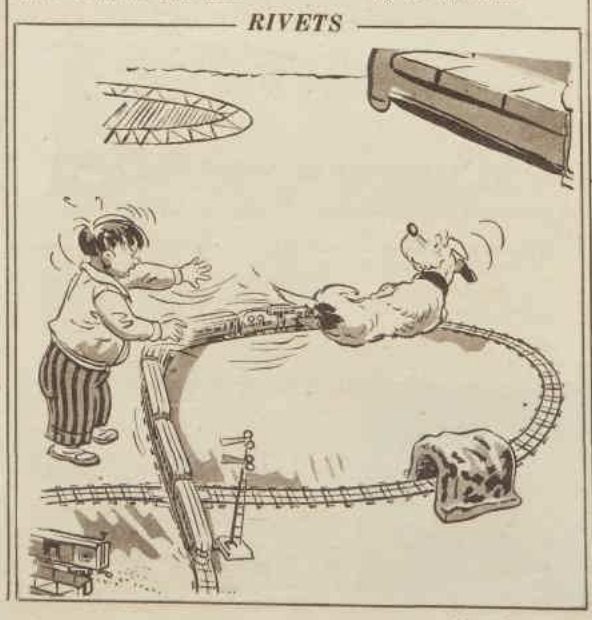

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DP4/D/8

The Sale

Continued from page 9

DAVID lit the blowtorch and adjusted the small nozzle until the thin flame was a sizzling blue. He directed the flame at the penny lying in its nest of wool. In a minute the penny became cherry-red. He turned off the blowtorch and looked up at his audience.

Mum and Lucy were staring at the glowing penny. He turned his head. Betty was standing away from the table as if afraid that standing close might influence Mum. He passed his hand over the penny, which was now turning black.

"Feel the heat," he said. Mum cautiously passed her hand high over the heated penny.

"I feel it all right," she said. Lucy passed her hand over the penny, too.

"Notice the wool hasn't changed at all," David said. He pushed it aside and directed Mum's hand to the spot where it had been. "And the table underneath isn't even warm."

Mum took her hand away from the table top. "That's right," she said, impressed.

"This wool is not only fireproof but waterproof. It'll keep its shape forever. In fact, when you buy this insulation you get a guarantee."

There was sweat on his forehead. He wiped it away with his handkerchief.

"That thingamajig makes you hot, doesn't it?" Mum said, pointing to the blowtorch.

It hadn't been the blowtorch that had made him sweat, but David nodded yes. He sensed Betty standing behind him, silent. Was she sorry she had suggested her family as prospects?

He wished the phone would ring right now with news of the proof-reading job. He would tell Mum that she should let a stranger demonstrate insulation to her and then make up her mind.

But the phone wasn't going to ring. And if Mum took the insulation it would mean fifty dollars. Mum didn't have to know how much they needed money.

"I think insulation is a good idea," Lucy said. "For those who can afford it."

"That's it," David responded automatically, "you can't afford not to have it."

"Maybe we should wait until Daddy comes home," Betty said, trying to seem fair and impartial. "After all, it's his house too."

"Daddy's got enough to think about at the shop," Mum said decisively. "I'm the one who worries about the house. I was the one who found it, wasn't I? And when everyone said not to buy such a big house, didn't I go ahead and buy it? Now I could sell it for two thousand more than I paid, but with Daddy in his own shop, I wanted to be in my own home, not renting all my life."

"You're the boss, Mum," Lucy said airily.

Mum turned on her. "I wish you'd realise that."

Mum looked at David. "Could you give me an estimate, Davie? Or does your manager do it for you?"

David took out a round spring tape. "I could make an estimate for you right now."

"All right," Mum said. "At least let's see how much it would cost."

She didn't sound too encouraging. It would be foolish to give her more sales talk.

"Need any help, dear?" Betty said.

"Yes, thanks," he said. "I have to measure the attic. We'll be right back, Mum."

David and Betty went upstairs to the dim, chilly attic. With her help he measured the floor. When he had finished his calculations he looked thoughtfully at his wife. She seemed fragile and lovely, and out of place in the gloomy attic.

"What are you looking at?" She smiled.

"You," he said. "I love you."

With a sudden movement she was in his arms and close to him. "I love you," she said. His lips touched her soft white cheek. She sensed his reluctance to kiss her on the lips, his feeling that he didn't deserve the privilege. Fiercely she pressed her lips hard against his. "Don't be apologetic," she said. "You're doing them a favor."

He dropped the spring tape into his pocket. "I'm no salesman," he said flatly. "Mum just keeps grinning at me."

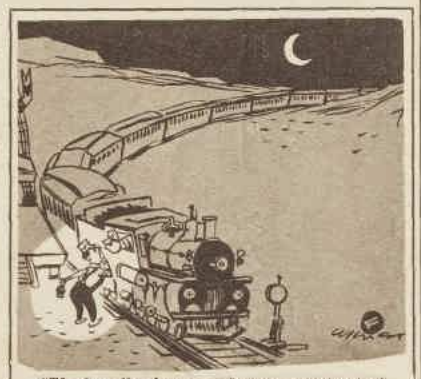
"Don't read meanings into things," Betty said. "She likes you."

"How can she like a son-in-law who can't make a really decent living for her daughter?"

"You don't make a lot of money, but she knows I'm happy with you."

"I'm not happy with myself."

"But everybody can't be a salesman. You'll probably get your own kind of job on Monday—proof-reading, and we'll both be happy. And if the worse comes to worst, I can brush up on my shorthand. And no objections!" She pressed his hand warmly. "Right now you go down and tell Mum how much the job will cost. Come on."



"They're all asleep . . . do you want to start with a sickening lurch?"

As they went down the stairs to the kitchen she slipped her arm about his waist. He did the same, and, while getting down the stairs that way was more awkward, it was also fun.

They came into the kitchen holding hands.

"After four years still acting like a honeymoon couple," Mum said, smiling. "Well, Davie, what's the price?"

David sat down opposite Mum. He was irked at himself for feeling as if he were in a witness-box. She was asking a reasonable question. Her voice was gentle, not demanding. And yet he felt reluctant to tell her the price. There was a silence.

"Tell Mum the price," Betty said.

Lucy got up and asked him, "Could I pour you a cup of coffee, Dave?"

He smiled at Lucy. They'd always liked each other. "No thanks, Lucy." He took out a pencil and paper and glanced towards Mum. She was listening attentively. He stalled a moment. "We'll have to rip up the boards in the attic and put the wool in between. It's quite a job."

Dave scribbled away on a piece of paper. "It comes to two hundred and ninety-six dollars and eight cents. You can pay it out over three years. Let's see." He consulted an instalment plan chart. "That would be eight dollars and sixty-three cents a month."

"Do I sign a contract, Davie?"

"Yes." He took out a form and filled in his mother-in-law's name and address. Hastily he filled in the figures and signed his own name at the bottom. Then he handed the contract over to Mum.

Mum looked solemnly at the paper before her. Despite her white hair, her slightly puffed cheeks and pouting expression gave her the look of a very grave baby.

David gave her his pen. Mum nodded, then she slowly put the pen down on the table. She'd changed her mind. He'd been rushing her; taking advantage of her. He couldn't blame her for resenting it. He and Betty had always been so independent of the Lawis'.

And now he was pushing Mum into something to make money out of her. It looked as though his high-pressure tactics had spoiled things and the fifty dollars were slipping through his fingers.

Mum said, "Maybe I'd better talk to Daddy about this first."

David saw himself demonstrating all over again the glass of water and the penny and the blowtorch.

Please turn to page 62

Poetry quiz

Answers to poetry quiz, published on page 57: 1, "Lay on, Macduff!"; 2, "Nor any drop to drink"; 3, "And may there be no moaning of the bar. . ."; 4, (a) Longfellow: "Maidenhood"; (b) William Blake: "The Tiger"; (c) Tennyson: "New Year's Eve"; (d) Milton: "On His Blindness"; (e) Edgar Allan Poe: "Annabel Lee"; (f) Rupert Brooke: "The Soldier"; (g) Edward FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubiayat.

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The Sale

Continued from page 61

MR. LEWIS' face would look stern and unconvinced at the sales talk. "We better think this over, Dave," he could hear Dad say. "Better salesmen than you talk to me every day at the shop."

It had been foolish to expect to make fifty dollars just like that. Nothing comes easy. What was this independence that kept him from going to Mum or Dad and asking them for a loan? Plain stubbornness. They'd give it readily.

"Maybe you better talk to Dad first," David heard himself say. "I wouldn't want him to feel left out."

He looked over at Betty. It was her mother and her family and she wouldn't say anything either way. It was like her not to intervene, no matter how much it might mean to her.

"That penny trick was good," Mum said. It was just a trick to her. It would be that to Dad, too. He felt like a magician whose legerdemain has been exposed.

Lucy's slangy young voice cut in derisively, "Aw, you know you're the boss, Mum. Why don't you sign and get it over with?"

"But Daddy——" Mum said.

"He'd only complicate it. He'll talk three hours about his troubles at the shop and we'll never get the insulation."

"Well," Mum said, smiling, "if Lucy says I'm the boss then I suppose that's it." Quickly she wrote her name on the contract. "There," she said, holding the paper up for David. He held it in his hand, not wanting to appear over-anxious by pocketing it.

"How much do you get out of it?" Lucy asked with a grin.

"Never mind that," Mum snapped. "Would you ask a stranger about his commission?"

The doorbell rang. Lucy answered it and came back into the kitchen. "Daddy's here," she said.

"The house is in Daddy's name, too," Mum remembered, "so he has to sign, doesn't he?"

"That's right," David said. He put the contract down on the table. The fifty dollars hung in the air; Betty's new slip disappeared.

"Let Daddy eat first," Mum said. "He always comes home so grouchy."

Dad, a tall, spare man, walked into the kitchen. "Hello," he said. "What's this—a big conference?"

"Dave just sold Mum some insulation," Lucy said. "You should have seen the demonstration. Dave, show him the penny trick."

Mum made a disparaging grimace. "Tricks! That's all that girl's interested in." She surveyed her husband. "You hungry, Art?"

"Hungry?" Dad snorted. "What do you think I come home for after a long day in the shop?"

"I thought maybe you came to visit your family," Mum said wryly.

"That, too," Dad said. "Hello, Dave. You have the right idea. Work for someone else. I'm my own slave."

Mum leaned back in her chair. "Oh, oh," she said. "He's started again."

"All right," he replied. "Let me eat."

Betty pushed him towards a chair. "Here you are, Dad. I'll have the food on the table in a minute."

"Thanks." Dad sat down. "What's this about insulation?"

Mum handed him the form.

Dad took his reading glasses from his vest pocket and put them on deliberately. "Two hundred and ninety-six dollars and eight cents." He peered over his horn-rims at Mum. "You know, Estelle, I own this house, too. We've both got to sign this or it's no good."

"Well, sign it!" Mum retorted. She was perched on the edge of her chair, ready for argument.

David stepped up beside Dad. "I'll be glad to tell you about it," he said.

"It's not necessary, Dave," Dad said. "Mum and I have the world divided into two parts—the shop and the house. Where's a pen?"

He'd expected Dad to be tough. This was almost too easy. He handed him the pen, wondering what new delay would crop up. But there was none. Carefully and slowly Dad wrote his name underneath Mum's signature. He handed the pen back to David and waved the contract in the air to dry the ink.

Mum sat back in her chair with a satisfied look. "Well," she said, "for Daddy not to argue means he knows this is a good thing for the house."

"What's there to argue about?" Dad demanded. "I know about insulation."

David straightened up. They'd been decent about it, but he'd taken advantage of it. He could tell by the way Dad had signed so quickly. Certainly he and Betty needed the money, but they needed their self-respect, too. He'd get a loan somewhere. He couldn't take money this way. They had done it for Betty, and he wanted to take care of Betty himself. All by himself.

He avoided looking at Betty as he spoke. "Now that you've signed the contract, I want you to know that as soon as I get the commission I'm turning it back to you. No reason why you shouldn't get a cut in the price."

BOTH Mum and Dad stiffened in their chairs. "No, Davie," Mum said.

"Nothing doing," Dad said.

David was sure that his hot face was a crimson tip-off of his uncomfortable feeling. "It's only fair," he protested.

"Would we ask a stranger to turn back his commission?" Mum said severely. "We'll pay what everybody pays."

"Mum's right," Dad said. "This is strictly a business proposition."

Lucy laughed. "Are you crazy or something, Dave? I think you did them a favor."

"I don't take advantage of a son-in-law," Dad said. "When I do business I don't expect gifts."

David could feel Betty's silence as she studiously busied herself at the gas-range. He didn't know what to say.

"Here's your contract," Dad said, handing it to David. "When do they put the insulation in?"

"I think they can take care of it next week," David answered. He folded the contract carefully. To-morrow morning he'd get a cheque from the sales manager. To-morrow afternoon Betty would buy a new slip.

Dad disappeared into the dining-room and came back with a bottle of sherry. He filled two glasses with wine and he and David sipped in easy silence. Then Dad sat down to his dinner.

"Now I have an appetite," he said, attacking the chicken with gusto.

David stood at the sink near Betty. He put his arm around her waist. He felt warm inside both from the wine and from the feeling he got from Betty's family. Maybe to-morrow he would suffer a pang at the possibility that the family had ordered the insulation so he could get the commission. But right now he saw before him only nice people, good-hearted people, his own people.

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